

In this Number
A JAPANESE VIEW OF KIPLING

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A MONTHLY REVIEW OF SOCIAL ADVANCE.

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In this Number



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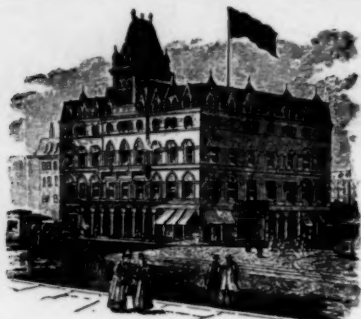
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A CALIFORNIAN BEE RANCH.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXI.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 6.

THE QUEEN BEE AND HER SUBJECTS.



I WAS in California at the time. So was the Queen. As everybody knows, southern California is a land of sweet promise. It is also a land of sweet performance in more senses than one. It has been called "our Italy," and it rivals that distant

land in the products which have made of it a land of dreams, of beauty, of plenty without serious labor, possessed as it is of a climate which brings life back to the overwrought nerves of the rich invalids of the world. But why should our invalids in America go to Italy for rambles in olive groves? Why go to the south of France for the "grape-cure," when both are to be had at home; at home, too, where the comforts of fine hotels, well and healthfully appointed, with every luxury in easy call, where electric lights, and not tallow dips, are a matter of course; where a suite of elegantly appointed rooms awaits the tired invalid—who in Italy or in France would search in vain over the entire country for such accommodations, such real comforts, and such attention as awaits the ordinary traveler in our

own "land of olives and sunshine"—our "land of milk and honey," literally and not figuratively speaking? For, while in the matter of milk California is like other western states, in the matter of honey it is not like other states at all, since but one other ranks with it. In this connection it comes to me afresh that few of us realize, indeed few of us have ever had our attention called to the fact, that a very large percentage of all the honey produced in America is made by the bees that garner the sweetness from mountain side and "mesa land" in southern California. There were no bees in California until 1853. Today they are everywhere wild. It was not until a few years ago that bee-keeping became an industry there.

Bret Harte made us all familiar with "sage-brush, rock, and alkali," with "chaparral,"—any small brush or bush,—with azalea bloom, and with "manzanitas"—a first cousin, I should think, of our own eastern mountain-Jaurel, as well as a half-brother of the oleander of our parks and homes,—but he gave us no hint of the practical value of any of these. Indeed, few visitors even today in the country where these plants abound, have the least idea that they have a value other than might inhere in a "brush fire," or a scant shade for a worn horseman, as he might lie beneath their welcome covering after a day's ride under a blazing sun on the plains.

But the "bee-men" know better, and so it may well be the case that you ate, this morning, at the Waldorf-Astoria or at Young's honey that was gathered for you from the same sage-brush and manzanitas in the coast range of California, or from chaparral that bent under the tread of the "heathen Chinee," or that sprang up about the tent of "Mr. Buck Fanshaw." For the state produces over seven million, four hundred and ninety thousand pounds of "garnered sweetness" yearly! That is about one-ninth of a pound for every man, woman, and child in the United States, and is translatable into more than three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars in gold coin—a pretty good record for one family of the insect world of one single state in one year! And it is

the finest and whitest honey that comes to us, that which is made from the wild sage.

"I've had some mighty mean moments afore I came to this spot—
Lost on the plains in fifty, drowned a'most and shot—
But, out on an alkali desert a huntin' a crazy wife,
Was raily as onsatisfactory as anything in my life."

That verse and its companions always return to my mind when I hear the words "sage-brush," "rock," or "alkali." The desolation, the utter waste of it all, where

"Sun in the east in the mornin', and sun in the west at night,
And the shadder o' this here station was the only thing movin' in sight!"

But then, Bret Harte's poor wanderer, who was so anxiously and so hopelessly searching for "Cicily," had no eye for the bees on every bush about him. They meant nothing to him. He would have deemed it a complete waste of valuable time to observe whether a "worker," a "drone," or a "queen" was humming about his ears. Nothing short of a gold mine was his quarry, and a few hives of bees would never have struck him and his fellow-prospectors as in point of fact a surer gold mine than the illusive "lead" he saw in his dreams, and in search of which, he and "Cicily" had wandered so far that "the nearest neighbor was seventeen mile away!"—when their need of a neighbor was sorest.

But if Cicily's husband had bethought him to hive a few swarms of those same little "prospectors," with which the mountain fastnesses are filled, and had treated them with a little intelligence, they would have "struck a lead" that will not "peter out" so long as all of us have a sweet tooth, and "tenderfeet" compose the largest number of the inhabitants of America. Nor would the market for his "gold product" be confined to what we are egotists enough to call America, for Mexico and Canada, as well as the islands of the Pacific and the trading vessels of her coast, would be his ready customers. He would not have had to depend upon "the East," as he and his fellows call everything this side of Nevada.

Indeed, one's geographical vocabulary undergoes a complete change so soon as he passes the Sierra Nevada range, for they call men from Nebraska "eastern men," and anyone coming from as far east as Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, or Ohio are "far eastern men"! And why not? We, on the Atlantic coast, are accustomed to speak of all of these "far eastern" states as "out west," and we are farther from the truth than are the Californians in their speech, as one realizes for the first time only after crossing "the plains" and watching Mount Shasta's head of snow, hour after hour, looming into the clouds, as the western sun tints its opal peaks.

We were on an overland stage in southern California, when we discovered that we were in the honey-bees' paradise. They flew everywhere. The wild flowers were alive with them. By and by, we began to drive near enough to an occasional apiary to get an idea of the object of some of these little prospectors. The stage driver called them "*bee*-apiaries," said he had one himself, back in one of the gulches, while one of our party insisted upon calling them "be-eries," much to the amusement of the driver. That which amuses one depends wholly upon one's "point of view." From the stories we heard, we concluded to stop over one day at an apiary where the intelligent and studious owner — an Englishman out here for his health — courteously offered to spend the day with us, showing us the mysteries of it all and its values and needs.

Before we went out to the hives he took a bag-like veil, made of something akin to mosquito-netting, and gathered on an elastic at each end. This he put over my head, allowing the elastic to gather it close about my hat, and carrying the other end of the bag-veil with its elastic cord, down about my collar. This, he explained, was to protect me, a stranger, from the sting of any frightened bee.

"They will sting strangers," he said. "They seldom sting me, unless I am dealing with a new swarm or one recently captured from its wild nest. A *hee* stings only for what it believes to be self-protection, and if it leaves its sting in your

flesh — as it tries to do — it dies soon after; so you will see that it stings only as a last resort, from its point of view."

He was moving about among the large colony of hives with a quiet assurance that told of experience; but it told, also, of a better thing than mere experience, for this "bee-man," as our driver called him, was also a close student of the bee on his moral and intellectual, as well as on his commercial side.

Most people do not know that bees have an intellectual and moral side, and so look upon them as mere honey-machines, yet the recent great scientific interest over the discovery claimed to have been made by Professor Schenk, the famous Parisian doctor and member of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, and his announcement that he can, through nutrition, influence the sex of future children at will, was discounted by the bees long ago. It is nothing new to them. The studious and intelligent apiarists have long taken advantage of this well-known fact in bee-nature.

"Here," said my host of the apiary, taking the lid from a hive, "here is where I am raising a lot of extra queens for future use in case of need. We don't depend on the chances of nature. We have learned to regulate it ourselves. If we leave it to the bees, and the one or two queens hatched for a hive are killed or snapped up by a bird, the whole swarm is utterly demoralized. The bees will not work. Now, our object is to get more work out of them, so we provide against all possible blunders of nature or accidents to life and limb, so to say."

He laid the lid of the hive aside, took out (lifting it with his two index fingers) a long strip of new comb which he had previously made by machinery and put in the hive for the bees to work upon. This strip was about sixteen or eighteen inches long by eight or ten inches wide.

"This is a queen-comb," he said. "Compare it with this," and he took out a second one after handing the first to me. The second comb was exactly like the first in size, but the base of the cell-pits was pressed to start on a different scale

as to size, so that the cells of the second comb were smaller than those of the first. All of them were octagonal in shape.

"The queen-comb cells are much larger than are the others, and the bees know exactly what the size of a cell means, and they work it out on the line or scale set by the base size which the machine made. If the bees make or find a comb in their hive with large cells, they know it is not for mere drone- or worker-producing eggs or food. So they fill all of these cells with what is called 'queen-bread.' Look. This is it. You see the color, the consistency, and the quality, as well as the quantity, is quite different from this in the smaller cells." He used his knife to cut and divide it as he explained. The differences were so great as to need no very careful observation to understand. "The one is food to develop queens, and the other is food to develop drones,—which are males,—and workers,—which are females who do not become mothers,—old maids, so to speak—who are the support of the whole colony. They do all the work. The queen lays all the eggs to produce the young for the next generation or swarm, and to keep up the colony. She does nothing else. No other work is expected of her. The drones are males. They work not, neither do they eat—very long. For, after they have fertilized the queen, they are summarily dealt with by the old maids, who proceed to kill them off without much benefit of clergy. Oh, yes, a mere male is quite below par in an apiary! No, we don't know certainly whether the queen is a polyandrist or not. We don't know just how she chooses her mate,—nor when,—but we do know that she makes only from one to three flights all told, and that either by previous agreement with some particularly fascinating gentleman bee, while still in the hive, or upon a love-at-first-sight acquaintance while on the flight, the match is made, and the queen returns to her own hive to become the mother of future generations. She is a very young bride always—from three to twelve days old. If she is older than twelve days she is no longer an available bride-queen. She is never married at home. Bees do not approve of home weddings, but always

she takes her flight to meet her lover in the groves, which were God's first temples, as you know—hence she always has a church wedding. When she starts out, she is, if a wise lady, sure to rise from her own hive straight into the air and circle about several times, so as to locate her own house; it is so confusing with no numbers on the doors, like a brownstone house in a solid row of brownstones in a long street, you see, and no number on your door. It is very bewildering. She almost always locates her own house properly, however, and seldom pays the penalty of returning to that of a neighbor. If she does, however, lose her head,—and her bearings,—and enter the wrong hive, she is instantly pounced upon and stung to death; 'unlawfully breaking into and entering,' I suppose is the formal charge entered upon the criminal calendar against her. Or it may be the charge has to do with a seditious effort to usurp a throne. At all events, when such a catastrophe does occur, we have to be ready to supply her loss to the bereaved household or kingdom. Nature's method is too slow for the commercial interests of the apiarist. We go to our tiny queen-cages and get a new one, and offer her to the stricken hive. If they like her, they accept and enthrone her at once. If they do not like her, she is killed on the spot—pays the penalty of greatness without ever having even tasted its joys. Then we try again. We offer another queen to the angry and terrified hive. For you must know that the loss of their queen produces the same utter demoralization we all recall when the head of a nation is killed. Every bee of the lot, although they are old maids and short-term, or short-lived, males with no vote, I suppose loses his or her head completely, and all work is suspended. Pandemonium reigns until another ruler is enthroned. By and by they accept a new queen—sometimes they take the first one offered—and all moves on as before."

There was a great mass of bees, a quart cup full, perhaps, balled up thickly on one side of this hive inside. They fluffed up their wings and buzzed, but did not try to sting the bee man. He pushed them gently aside,

gradually flattening down the balled mass, using his ungloved hand for the purpose, as if the bees had been grains of corn. They swarmed back as quickly as possible, but he repeated the process until almost all had been pushed aside. "There she is! See her! The Queen! They ball up over her that way to keep her warm, to shield and protect her—as a bodyguard. You see she is much larger than any of the others and of a different shape, color, and general style—looks more like a real fat, hairy wasp. I have known one queen to lay five thousand eggs. After we make these long foundation combs and fill a hive with them, the workers go to work like Trojans to build up the sides of the cells—for, you see, we make only the large solid-sheet foundation which controls the size (in circumference) of the finished comb-cells. It is like laying off the floor-space in a house; then the builders build up the walls, making the rooms the size you have laid off. Now, in our case, it not only insures the kind and size of our rooms, but it also determines the kind of occupant or tenant it shall have. The large pits we have laid off, will be built up on that scale by the bees. They *know* that these are for queens—no little hall-bedroom for a queen! She always has a large apartment, as befits her royal state. Then the mother-queen will go from cell to cell, and deposit just one egg in each. The workers then follow her and fill up the cell with the kind of food to feed the kind of bee-larva that is to be hatched in that kind of cell. They *never* put 'queen-bread' as it is called, in common cells, nor common worker or drone food in the large queen-cells. They know their business thoroughly."

"Is there a difference in the egg itself?" I asked. "Does the queen lay the egg to fit the cell, or is all dependent upon the food the workers put in to develop it?"

"Apiarists differ in belief on that point," he said. "I think that I have discovered that there is a difference in the egg when deposited; but I am not sure of that.* Some of

* A well-known miner's wife told me in this connection that she always controlled the number and kind of chickens which her hens hatched out. "I learned it from a Mormon woman," she said, "You have noticed that some eggs are almost the same size at the two ends, and that

our best apiarists say that the queen knows the kind of cell she enters, and that she lays the kind of egg its size calls for, just as the workers who follow her know the kind of food called for, by both the egg and the cell-size. Certain it is at all events, that when we make the comb with cells for queens we get queens; a combful if we wish. It is an open question, however, whether the food does all, or whether the queen, also, partly regulates the result by the egg she deposits. But it is a significant fact that if we are short of queens we sometimes break down walls of worker cells *after* the eggs are deposited, thus throwing two or three rooms into one, so to speak, and then the workers take the hint and fill it with queen bread and we get a sort of queen. We think she is not quite so good, but she serves in an emergency. I don't know whether her shortcomings—where we do not imagine them—are due to the fact that the queen, not knowing before the egg was deposited, did not have a chance to deposit with it the right and full instructions, if I may so express it, or whether some other thing may account for the production of less than the best queen on the queen food."

Now, here is exactly the same problem with which Professor Schenk and his colleagues of the Vienna Academy of Science—and incidentally, the rest of the world—are just now wrestling, in its application by the distinguished savant, to the human race. The bees *do* know the secret that Dr. Schenk claims to have discovered. Some apiarists think they know it as it applies to bees, but they differ in conclusions as yet. Some say that all rests with the food, while others are sure that it does not, but that the egg itself differs in kind. As it appears to me from what I heard and saw in the apiary

others are large at one end and small at the other. Well, if you will always take the nearly round eggs—those which are almost alike at both ends, and set them—you will get pullets. The other shape produces cocks. Out where we had no other meat and had to depend on chicken for it, this was a very important thing to know, for the cocks were a great nuisance. They were such fighters—especially in the spring—and kept themselves poor and emaciated and bedraggled. They were not fit to eat. We wanted more pullets. We tried the Mormon woman's plan and I found that it worked perfectly. Eight times out of ten the results were as I expected from the kind, or shape of egg. The other times, I had been careless in choosing the eggs. I have absolute confidence in the theory."

it would not take a vast deal of trained, scientific work to learn the secret absolutely as it applies to bees.

"There, that bee has stung me," my host said softly. "Look, he is simply furious. I must have crushed him a little as I pushed him aside. He will die. Look at the way the sting points in my hand. See the poison bag! No, don't take hold of it. That would crush the delicate bag and shoot the poison into my flesh. Up to this point no harm is done. Until the poison is pushed in, it is only like the prick of a cambric needle. The stinger is a hollow tube. The poison bag is full of a vicious, active poison. It is that which does all the mischief. When you are stung, you instantly clap your hand on the spot, or in some way crush the poison bag and force the liquid down through the tube and all the real harm is done *then*. See! I will observe the direction this points. You see he aimed toward my thumb. Now, I will draw my hand along the rough surface of my trousers, being careful to drag it the *opposite* way from the one aimed by the bee and—see! It is out. The poison bag as it was crushed, was pushed the other way from its tube, and not a particle went into my flesh. Now, that is all I shall have to do with that sting. Had I pushed it the other way, I would have had a poisoned, swollen hand."

This proved to be true. During the day, four bees—mainly from a newly-captured, wild swarm—stung some one. Each sting was treated as directed, and not one left more than a momentary prick, a slight pink mark, and no after-results.

"The main thing with bees is to be slow, gentle, quiet, and even in your movements. Anything sudden frightens them and they instantly defend themselves by stinging," he said. "They are wise little fellows, and discriminate pretty well. This little group of hives here, I call it my mountain-sage-colony, has seventy-five hives in it. They made me seven and a half tons of beautiful, white, high-grade strained honey last year, the industrious little chaps! In no place on earth

would such a thing be possible, except here, where the climate allows them to work all the year round, and the flowers are always a-bloom—if not one kind, then another. If the apiarist uses fair judgment and moves his hives, the bees always have plenty to work on. I moved that colony only once last year. I had them in the mountains, higher up, and farther back, in the spring and summer. Then when it began to get too cold for them up there, I brought them nearer to the coast here. It is never too cold here anywhere near the coast, and as I say, there is always material free of all cost for them to work upon. See those orange, lemon, olive, grape, and other ranches down there to the left, and over the hill the others? Some of the fruit-growers used to object to bees near their places, but they don't any more. They have learned to respect the little chaps as good friends to them also. The old theory was that the bees after getting honey from the fruit blossoms, next attacked the fruit as it ripened, and broke the skin and extracted their food and honey to the detriment of the fruit-grower. They now know that, on the contrary, a bee cannot break the thinnest-skinned fruit. He has no mandible or teeth strong enough. But if birds or other insects have once broken the skin of fruit, the bee will clean it up—carry away the remnants. This is a distinct advantage to the fruit-grower. They generally regard it so nowadays. Oh, yes, this is the bees' paradise in the whole world. Have you seen that large hotel that is closed at Ocean Beach? Well, it was closed last year, and the wild bees found it out and decided to move in—and they did. They came from mountain, cañon, gulch, and tree, swarm after swarm of them, and took apartments—mainly between the weather-boarding and the plaster; but also in some of the rooms where they found access. The whole house was pretty well padded and interlined, so to speak, with bees and honey. When some workmen went there to make repairs, you never saw anything so funny. They had to take off a good deal of the weather-boarding, and they found pounds and pounds and pounds of honeycomb full of honey hung all over the lath, to the

plaster, on the boards, anywhere and everywhere. There was honey to burn — and bees to smoke. They had to smoke them out. Smoke rattles a bee. Seems to make him kind of drunk and happy if he is smoked just a little. Then he won't sting you either. Of course if he is smoked too much he dies. We succeeded in getting and keeping a lot of swarms from that hotel. It was a case where the 'guests literally swarmed out.' But I never saw a more absurd sight than that honey-inlaid hotel. To this day, the old keeper or watchman who is in charge down there, whenever he wants honey to eat, rips off a board on the lean-to of the house, takes out a dishful and sets it before his family !"

Later on, a party of eight of us drove to the deserted hotel and picnicked on the porch, and exactly what the apiarist had told us was verified. The watchman on the grounds, who cared for our horses, spread a table for us on the veranda, where we were sheltered somewhat from the strong breeze as it came from the sea ; the delicious cool breeze from the broad Pacific. It was August in southern California, but we were too cool on the ocean side of the house ! Where we sat the orange and olive and lemon and apricot groves were stretched off to our left, the ocean was back of us, and a broad stretch of mesa land, still the property of wild flowers, bees, and squirrels, lay nearer at hand. We spread our table from our baskets and were enjoying to the full, the charm of the unique climate and conditions, the quiet beauty of beach and surf, of distant groves and nearer wild nature, when the keeper returned with a pot of tea and one of coffee. Then he asked, amidst our exclamations of appreciation of this unexpected attention so welcome after our long drive :

"Like honey ? 'Taint none o' the purtiest white kind like hive-sage honey, but it's good though."

We admitted that we liked honey and hinted that it was not absolutely imperative that it be entirely white.

"Don't eat too fast," he said, evidently observing that Adelaide had her school girl appetite with her and that the others did not suffer by comparison ; "Don't eat too fast and I'll get you some."

He walked to the kitchen end of the house, took hold of a piece of weather-boarding which was loose at one end, gave a jerk, and the board came off.

Then he reached into his honey-mine, took out seven or eight pieces, each something like a pound in size, laid them on a large dish, and came back and set it on our table with the unconcern of one who sees nothing peculiar in honey-mines, whether they be in houses, trees, rocks, cañons, or the moon.

"There she is and welcome," he remarked, and strode away.

But to return to the apiarist, twenty miles away. I asked him why he made the comb foundation of his honey, of what he made it, if it was difficult, and various other questions.

"Come in the little house here," he said. "I told you a while ago that I move my bees, or part of them, sometimes. It is a very simple matter. This little house is all that has to go, and you see, it is one of the kind that is made to joint or bolt together. This tent second-story is my own idea, though other apiarists have similar things. All this house and its contents, all the necessary latest improvements in machinery for this purpose, can go on one wagon and the bees on another, in the little cases I put over them to move them. It is all simple and easy. No, you don't have to own the land in the mountains; just pick out a good place and settle down! Be sure you know what is a good place, though. Bees need intelligent treatment to get good results, but *with* intelligent treatment I know of absolutely no other occupation where such fine results come from such small capital and so little real labor on the part of the owner. He does the planning, his little unpaid laborers do the work, and he gets all the profits. But he must not be niggardly even with those laborers. He must be sure that they are where water and food are near enough at hand not to make their flights too long back and forth to the hive, and he must take care not to put them in a wind-swept place. They will forage for him for miles around, but it does not pay to make them go *over* two miles for the base of supplies. Just think of that little colony of mine making me seven and a half tons of first-class *strained* honey

in one year! Of course it is only in a climate like this that such a thing would be possible."

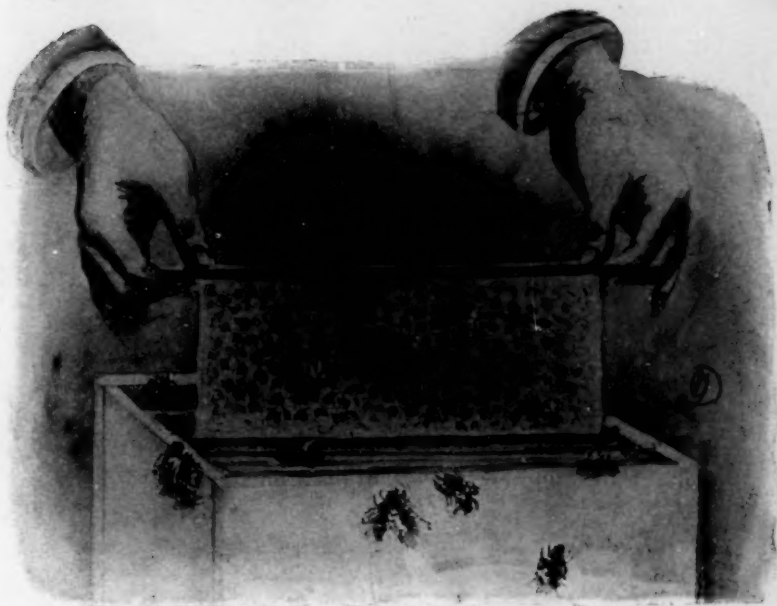
We entered the second-story, or tent story, of the little house. It was so built against the side of the hill that we walked directly into it from the hillside.

"Now, here is the machine I make the foundation comb with. People have an idea that artificial comb is made of—I don't know what—India rubber, I suppose! Well, it is not. It is made of honeycomb, pure and simple. And it is only the middle sheet, or foundation, sheet that we make. You see, the bees have to make that first if left to themselves, at great labor and loss of time and effort. It is this middle sheet in every comb of honey that is the foundation of the rest of the perfected comb. The bees work from it outward on each side, working on both sides at once so more of them can get at it. They build up the cells of the comb and then fill it with honey and cap it over. Here, look in this tank. You see this is all pieces of honeycomb. Some is old comb I have strained the honey out of, some is the little abortive combs and patches that the best regulated bees *will* start to make here and there in the hive, and some is wild comb taken from trees or rocks when I capture the new swarms. All comb is carefully saved. We even save that which our sharp knives cut off as we uncap it for straining. All this comb is run through the machine—clothes-wringer-fashion—which as you see has the cell pit markers or pressers on the rough surface. Well, I start a mass of this haphazard comb in this side, so, and it comes out the other side, so. See? Now, this is a comb ready to put right in the hive for them to work on. You see it is simply a sheet of beeswax attached to a little thin long board or frame and with its surface marked off on both sides in the shape and size of comb cells."

"It is a queen comb is it not?" I asked.

"You are a quick and accurate observer," he smiled. "You'd make a good 'bee man.' I noticed, too, that you did not dodge and jump around out there among the bees. They would learn to know you very soon and you could handle them

easily. You are right, this is a queen-comb. The machine is set for that size cells. Here are the queen-cages," he said, taking down some queer blocks of wood with round perforations about as large as a broomstick and with fine wire over the holes.



"It is in these we put the extra queens till needed, only one in each. Yes, we do use the same comb over. It is just as good and, as I say, saves the bees the very hardest of all their work, and they seem to appreciate it. In old days, you know, they used to kill the bees to get their stores. Honey-getting was a case of both murder and robbery then. Today, we take every care to keep our bees from any and all risks to life and health, but there is still much to learn and more intelligence needed in the business of bee-keeping."

"Everything is deliciously sweet and clean here," I said, picking up one of the great sharp knives, and glancing over the machinery, which was, after all very little in bulk.

"It has to be sweet at least," he laughed.

"But I did not mean it at all as a play on the word. I noticed"—and I waved my hand toward the strainers.

"I know, I know," he laughed again. "Oh, yes, it *has* to be clean if results are to be even respectably good. Otherwise rust and decay would do rapid work, and while this machinery is not very expensive, one does not care to spend what he makes in replacing it too often. These are all the very latest patents. We have a bee-keepers' association in this part of the state and are doing some really intelligent work at last. Yes, I suppose less capital is required for this than for any other good paying business, and if you are a bit of a student it is a fascinating kind of work too. I come out to the apiary only about once a week this time of year. I have other business in town. Sometimes, as in the swarming season, they need far more attention. Then I stay with them. Shall we take your veil off now? I doubt if they would have stung you without it, but I did not care to take any chances as long as you were a stranger to them. I see you'd learn to handle them very easily. Yes, the receiver for strained honey, and the cans we ship in are down-stairs. It goes through that pipe through the floor, and the fall carries it to the desired place below."

We went "down-stairs" by the simple process of leaving the "up-stairs" door on the south side of the house and stepping out onto the hillside, going down a rather steep path to the north side of the house and there entering the door of the "first floor," which door took us into a board room about ten by twelve feet. Here was the usual "bachelor's apartment" of a miner after he has achieved so much permanence as a wooden house; viz., a bunk bed with two wooden legs—the other side of the bed mortised into the wall or side of the house—a table of like construction in the corner by the door, which corner had also the only window—no glass, only a hinged shutter. The hinges were leather. A camp stool, the honey receiver, cans, etc.; some tin cups, pans, saucepans, and such things hung on the wall with several large, long knives, a gun, some toweling—clean—and, so far as I could

see, nothing else except a little "smoker" with which he made his bees drunk when doing some unusual piece of work with them. But then there was a box fastened on the wall, and I did not see inside of that! Possibly it had some "miners' supplies" of another kind.

"This is all the house a man needs in this climate, either to live or to do this kind of business in," he said. And I should think it was. For no one cares to stay inside of walls so long as one may have the delicious, soft balmy air of southern California, with no fear of rain except at certain seasons when one is prepared for it; and so long as one may sit or lie or work out of doors the year round in the same clothes (so far as weight goes); and so long as one's near neighbors are mainly bees, woodpeckers, and horned toads; and so long as a little way across the hills are olive groves, lemon, and orange, and grape blossoms by the acre, and English walnut-trees elbowing apricots by the mile; and so long as one's fellows do not judge one wholly by his clothes, or by his immediate household belongings.

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A JAPANESE VIEW OF KIPLING.

STEVENSON, Barrie, Watson. Then came Kipling, and the public surveyed him between its half-closed eyes, like the Viceroy watching Mellish with the fumigatory, and said, "Evidently this is the wrong tiger; but it is an original animal." Now, just at the time of Kipling's debut, the reading public of England and America was getting tired of some things. And it played the Mother Wolf to this Mowgli of the literary jungle, and petted him the more when he called it "That wild beast the Public [who] in total-ity is a great and thankless god [like unto Dagon]." He had the misfortune to become famous at twenty-three, and the world styled him the favorite of Fortune. India is the

home of this unlucky star of fame, and it is the home of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*, which gave him seven years of preparatory training as a reporter.

In 1888 the "Plain Tales from the Hills" came out. When the writer (an utter stranger to Kipling's fame then) took up a copy of the book, the summer evening was lazy in Hot Springs, and a mighty host of mosquitoes was spoiling the amiable temper of a patient lamp. But the sorcery of words in the very first piece, "Lispeth," struck him. He gasped, smiled, soliloquized, and said, among many other things, "This man may write how a hen picked a grain, and I would pronounce his account artistic." The simplicity of gospel narrative is as the lilies of the field on his pages. Kipling is one of those who pick one up, knock all his old notions about literary excellence with a whack or two right between his eyes, take him to the mountain-top, show him the beauty of simplicity in style and diction, and say: "Now, here when I can speak my thoughts into life in the words of a peasant, what's the use of murdering them under the weight of a thousand adjectives and polite phrases?" Dickens wrote a hundred pages to tell us a thing. Kipling came and wrote half-a-dozen. And some think that the latter wrote more than the former.

In "Three and — an Extra," Mrs. Hawksbee, otherwise known at Simla as "Stormy Petrel," "the most wonderful woman in India, at the bare mention of whose name every woman in the room would rise up and call her—well—not blessed," makes her début. She annexes Bremmiel while Mrs. Bremmiel stays at home, "wears black, and grows thin and mourns [over her dead baby and into an empty cradle] as if the bottom of the universe had fallen out." She picnics, tiffins, and dances with him "till the people put up their eyebrows and say, 'Shocking!'" This remarkable woman reappeared in "The Rescue of Pluffles," wherein she was (once in all her days) "nice to her own sex"; in the "Consequences," wherein she helped to secure an appointment for one Tarrion, a free lance in the land of Simla, who came

"from goodness knows where — all away, away in some forsaken part of Central India"; in the "Kidnapped"; in the "Education of Otis Yeere"; in "A Second-rate Woman" also.

The "Thrown Away" is the story of a boy, reared under "the sheltered system," who went to India, a drop in the mighty ocean of subalterndom, took everything seriously, worked too hard, "fretted over women not worth saddling a pony to call upon" — in short, behaved like a naughty puppy which chews soap and newly blacked boots and gets very sick. A cruel little sentence stabbed him, because he did not know how to take things indifferently and with modifications. He went off and committed suicide, leaving a document or two in which "disgrace which he was unable to bear" — "indelible shame" — "criminal folly" — "wasted life" — and such like expressions are frequent. This piece suggests how far Kipling can venture in the realms of pathos. "Without Benefit of Clergy" is another of his attempts to depict the pathetic; so also the "Only the Subaltern"; and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" and "Beyond the Pale" are not without a strain or two of the same.

In "Miss Youghal's Sais," a strong character, a real creation of Kipling is introduced. His name is Strickland. Said a critic:—

"In his proud moments, and especially when Kipling wants to show off his knowledge of the Orientals, he christens himself Strickland. This character is drawn with the full sympathy of the author, framed out in a rather extravagant bouquet of his admiration; and into his nostrils Kipling breathed his own soul and ushered him proudly into the ranks of the living. This character explores native riff-raffs, can read a native like an open page, is thoroughly acquainted with the ways, needs, and whims of the Indian Empire, and after seven years of training, as a matter of course, he was not at all appreciated by the administration—for the seniors don't fall in love with 'subs' who show up their incapacity."

In "The Bronkhorst Divorce Case" he defeats the husband in his suit, and in "The Recrudescence of Imray" his

genius enables him to discover a murder case cleverly concealed.

When Strickland turns up among the privates of Her Majesty's service, his name is Mulvaney. All that Kipling gave to Strickland, he gave to Mulvaney. But unto the stature of the Irish private, he added a striking element — wit. "The Three Musketeers" introduces us to this character. That piece is the first also to inform us of Kipling's power to draw characters and scenes through a series of dialogues. It reveals his achievement in dialect also, which is at once the most wonderful and the most distressing discovery to us. Mulvaney breaks out in his horse-laugh in "The Taking of Lungtungpen." In "The Daughter of the Regiment," Mulvaney tells how Jhansi McKenna helped the regiment in the time of cholera; and in "The Madness of Ortheris" his patience is somewhat taxed. The collection of stories entitled "Soldiers Three" is devoted to the fame of Mulvaney and his comrades. And in the portraiture of the soldier life in India, Kipling is thought to be very happy. In "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," Mulvaney adds a link to the everlasting chain of mischief. He gives the account of his courting in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" with the loudest of his horse-laughs warping and woofing the tale of frivolity and blunders.

There are some things which Kipling cannot bear. A prig is one of them. McGoggin, who was brought up in the city of fogs and was "intellectually beany," and who read Comte and Spencer, and who was quite an enthusiastic propagandist, did not quite suit Mr. Kipling's taste. And, logically enough, he takes it upon himself to recommend a simpler theory of life. And he does it exquisitely and with an amazing success. Similarly, he laughs at the absurd elements (and the serious he had no eyes to see) mixed up in the missionary work in "Lispeth" and in "The Judgment of Dangara"; at a fantastic scientist in "A Germ Destroyer"; at a fop in "The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly"; at the overbearing senior officers in "His Wedded Wife"; at the

ignorance of the British administration in India in "Tod's Amendment"; at a learned theorist in the "Pig"; at the boasts of the British valor in "The Rout of the White Hussars"; at the hierarchical mystics in "The Sending of Dana Da"; at the ignorance of the Mr. All-Know school of writers in "The Conference of the Powers." And the indignation of Kipling against the everlasting race of insolent globe-trotters with the modest idea of "doing" India in ten days, as is described in his "Out of India," is also superb — only that sounds too much like Mr. Kipling chiding his own sweet self over his "American Notes." The absurdities and vices that waxed fat on the reactionary influences of the moral lectures and taught the futility of solemn denunciations from the pulpit meet a powerful blow at the hand of Kipling; and Kipling, the satirist, following Cervantes and Rabelais — from afar off, to be sure — teaches the world why Laughter was born.

"His Wedded Wife" and "A Germ Destroyer" are a pair of wings that ought to carry the fame of Kipling as a wit to an altitude not to be despised. Unlike his Mulvaney stories — and, therefore, some productions of the Harris and Mark Twain school — his wit does not depend so much on the magic of words, or the quaintness of expressions, as it does on the situation or plot, and herein his name may look up to as great a name as that of Dickens from not too great a distance on the scale of great names, and Molière may very likely treat Kipling with respect. Mr. Kipling's wit is as dry, and as calm, and as solemn as a mule putting a boy through the most extraordinary acrobatic feat of jumping between its long ears and over its head. And when his victims (I mean his readers) strike the ground headforemost, which is too often the case, he seems as unhumorous as a mule itself. Irony, too, is happy in the embrace of wit — savage sometimes when it is ecstatic. Banter is not foreign to him, and the touch of his raillery is not heavy.

In "A Bank Fraud," a story of not more than seven pages, perhaps the best of Mr. Kipling's personality is traced. The

story is also a hard attack on a conceited Pharisee. Reggie Burk, who was the manager of a branch bank and forged letters just to prolong a few months of his consumptive persecutor's life, seems to be the ideal incarnate of Kipling's ethical vision. If somewhat childish, there is a heroic strain in this character—this forger of the letters and the bank fraud. In his passionate protest against Kantian rigorism, Jacobi addressed a letter to Fichte. Here is a portion of it:

"Yes, I am the atheist, the godless one; who in spite of the will that wills nothing, am ready to lie as the dying Desdemona lied; to lie and deceive like Pylades, when he pretended to be Orestes; to murder like Timoleon; to break the law and oath like Epaminondas, like John de Witt; to commit suicide with Otho and sacrilege with David—yea, to rub the ears of corn on the Sabbath day, merely because I am hungry, and because the law is made for the sake of man, and not man for the sake of law."

Kipling might not care a whit for this kind of thing. Evidently, however, he belongs to the Jacobean school. Hugo's ideal bishop told an untruth,—not a lie,—but if the untruth from his lips marred the perfection of the ideal character of the bishop we are not conscious of it. That *that* emphasized the heroic in him, we are conscious, yes, thrillingly. And in "The Little Minister," Margaret had "supposed hours ago." In the calm moments when we think of our mothers and of God, do these acts nauseate our conscience? Is it true that we shed tears of admiration over Jeanie Deans when she satisfies the technicality of the imperfect Scottish law and sacrifices her sister, whom she knows to be innocent? Or, really, do we turn from her as from a misguided one? Oh, we pity her, but is it without an effort that we keep ourselves from despising her? Much, however, depends upon the point of view.

Anglo-Saxon genius is much with Kant and Scott. French and the Orient are different. Kipling came from the Orient. "Soldiers Three" was published in 1888. Therein, Kipling, in his nobody-is-like-himself, shines hazy. And the loud colors of the Indo-Irish wit find a fit background in the gor-

geous hues of the East. Mulvaney sits atop the carriage or "from the crook of the overhanging pipal, waves his enormous boots in benediction above our heads, delighting us with tales of love and of war and strange experiences of cities and men." "The Story of the Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "Wee Willie Winkie," all came out the same year, 1888. "In Flood Time" brings the pictorial talent of Kipling into prominence.

Francis Adams concludes a section of his criticism on Kipling thus: "'Description,' said Byron, in his riper time when he had begun to understand himself a little, 'description is my forte.' It is also Rudyard Kipling's." He is not far from truth. The description of a fair woman—the representative of the eternal feminine—has been oft repeated. Every epithet that you can think of is threadbare. The field is really hard to be original in. But Kipling would commit *hara-kiri*, I suppose, before he would be common. The following is the description of Dinah Shadd put into the mouth of Mulvaney: "Flower hand, foot av shod air, an' eyes av the mornin' she had." Now I am very curious to know how much time or how little time he spent on this one line. Nothing so original had scarcely sprung from the wedding of words so common. Or take this description of the Indian night:

"The earth was a gray shadow, more unreal than the sky. We could hear our breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of the musketry-fire leagues away to the left. A native woman in some unseen hut began to sing, the mail-train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and the roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story."

Again, take the description of Taj in his "Out of India":

"Then as the train sped forward, and the mists shifted, and the sun shone upon the mists, Taj took a hundred new shapes, each perfect, each beyond description. It was the

ivory gate through which all good dreams come; it was the realization of the 'glimmering hills of dawn' that Tennyson sings of; it was veritably the 'aspiration fixed,' the 'sign made stone,' of the lesser poet; and over and above concrete comparisons, it seemed the embodiment of all things pure, all things holy, and all things unhappy."

Whether it be the description of a newspaper office in Central India in his "The Man who would be King"; whether it be his falling into the dreamsome Nirvana, in a tonga, and thereby becoming utterly indifferent to all sorts of performances he went through over the rough Indian road, "biting his tongue several times," cutting "his boot against the wheel edge," or twisting "his legs into a true lover's knot," for example; whether it be the description of the cuckoo that came and woke him out of his dream and sang "as though he had been a veritable English cuckoo"; whether it be that of the lake where "hundreds of water-birds were keeping a hotel," with constant arrivals and departures in the night; whether it be the dream of the one-eyed tiger which, after all, turned out to be a wildcat, and fled "before the shoes of civilization"; or that of Chittur seen in the moonlight; or the sunlight on the Burra Talao; or the description of many American traits, her insolent hotel clerks, her newspaper reporters, and her omnipresent "spitoons," in his "American Notes," not so edifying to the nervous of the sons of the free, certainly, but quite entertaining to a vagabond who has been kicked about all over this broad land like a football gone astray, and accosted everywhere with the inevitable July-the-fourth rhetoric, that the universe, great as it is, is humbly tacked up between the stripes; and that the forty-five stars are the only lights in the *Civitas Dei*,—all these seem to show that we have a painter of no humble grade in Mr. Kipling.

"Wee Willie Winkie" is for children. His "Jungle Books" have the same mission. Mr. Kipling's confession is, that "it is hard to draw babies correctly." After reading his stories, we heartily agree with him. Of Mr. Kipling's patriotism

much has been said, and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" is a sympathetic account of a British regiment in its fatal struggle. Touching it is indeed. Of course the main thing is the story of two drum boys, of whom, "some say, and among these be the Gurkhas who watched on the hillside, that the battle was won by Jakin and Lew, whose little bodies were borne up just in time to fit two gaps at the head of a big ditch-grave for the dead under the heights of Jagai."

The main stories in his "Jungle Books" are the account of a dramatic actor who looked into the jungles of India and fell in love with their charms. Mowgli is a creation (and this *entre nous*,—is he not Strickland or Mulvaney in the cave of the Mother Wolf?). The stories are full of action. Take Uncle Remus's stories, rob them of the charming humor, dramatize them highly, and then transplant the whole thing from the quaint home of Mr. Harris into the savage arena of the jungle people, and I don't think it is hard to get the two books we are talking about. It is rather noticeable that when Mr. Kipling is dramatic he rarely is witty. Within the heart of Mr. Kipling and in the very mental constitution of him, is a jungle; and the jungle folks—who are astoundingly clever folks, and always know what they are about—anoointed Kipling as their prophet; gave him understanding to read their laws, and then bared their thought before him.

"The Light that Failed" is the longest short story of Mr. Kipling. The hero's name is Dick, a born artist, in love with Maisie, a girl—an unfortunate experiment to show what patience, toil, enthusiasm, and advantage can *not* do in the making of an artist without natural genius. Dick is heroic; Maisie is a peculiar animal with a flint within her bosom where she ought to have had a warm, loving heart—the most unattractive mixture of a cruel beast and an ungrateful vixen. Withal she becomes an inspiration to Dick, and he undertakes to paint a Melancholia. The work done, and he becomes stone blind. A few minutes after the completion of the masterpiece of Dick, it was destroyed by a she-devil who came out of "Beyond the River," and whom Dick em-

played as his model. The two distinct endings of the story have been written about so much, it is out of fashion to write any more. Dick is not a type, nor is he an individual character, but only a puppet. In the heroic act, he lives, moves, and has his being; beyond — why, he is not at all.

Of Kipling's wit and pictorial talent we have written; his pathos, characterization, weird imagination and style are but touched on. His pathos,—Mr. Barrie says that Kipling fails to see the better portion of human nature. There is a vast gulf between these two men, of whom Scotia is proud today. "One can only paint what he himself has felt," says Barrie; and does not this tell us why they are so different? After reading "The Little Minister," wherein he makes the statement I quoted, take up Kipling's stories. Do your eyes stay there for any very great length of time? The one is all heart (and let it be remarked with a deep sense of gratitude), of a high and heroic type; while the other is a flashy effort of "a smart 'un," with due respect to his mighty fame.

The touches that make up the picture of the human heart, and the thrill that thrills our soul must be true — far truer than a mere statement of facts. Just one false touch, one unnatural word, would spoil the whole thing. The pen that leads success into this holy of holies of literary art must first be anointed with the intensest feelings of the writer and the sincerity of the child-nature within him.

Take this: speaking of a Hindoo widow of about fifteen years of age, Kipling says, "And she prayed the gods day and night, to send her a lover, for she did not approve of living alone." Will you observe the effect of the latter clause as you read the passage? The picture of a fifteen-year-old widow praying for a lover is touching, truly so. Kipling reduced this most natural and ardent feeling of a girl into a mere outcome of a fallacious, pseudo-comical, intellectual reasoning,— "because she did not approve of living alone!" and as a matter of course butchered the delicate effect. Let it be plainly understood right here that it is not humor that spoils. The prayer of Uncle Manuel in the Blue Dave is one

of many miracles of Mr. Harris's humor, but who can read it without tears? Will you compare this effort of Kipling with any of many chapters in "A Window in Thrums"? Can't? Well, you are quite right; there is no comparison whatever.

Take again this, in "Without Benefit of Clergy":

"But if it be a girl?"

"Lord of my life, it cannot be! I have prayed for so many nights, and sent gifts to Sheikh Badl's shrine so often, that I know that God will give us a son—a man child that will grow into a man. Think of this and be glad. My mother shall be his mother till I can take him again, and the mullah of the Pattan Mosque shall cast his nativity—God send he be born in an auspicious hour!—and then thou wilt never weary of me, thy slave!"

"Since when hast thou been a slave, my queen?"

You may think that the female speaker is the queen of a Cæsar jesting with her lover; Racine can hardly be more artificial or stiff. But—would you believe it?—these are the words of a slave girl in India, happy with the coming of a new life, talking to her English husband, Holden. Did an Englishman in love ever talk in that stiff-necked hypocritical style? Or this,—Holden speaking to his wife frantic with grief at the death of their baby,—“Peace, peace, for thine own sake, and for mine also; if thou lovest me, rest.” Now, what I want to know is, if Mr. Kipling really believes—in his calm moments when stars are cool over him and night whispers, “Hush! hush! hush!” all about him—that the heart of a man in Holden's position would spell out its thoughts in any such manner when it yearns for his wife, almost distracted with sorrow? If so, may the great heavens help him to receive extreme unction and to look toward the New Jerusalem!

The closing chapter of "Only a Subaltern" is a puzzle to me. Many of the essential elements from the artistic point of view—atmosphere, perspective, matter, true touches, form, suggestions, sympathy—are there. And it seems that they are there to emphasize the absence of the only thing needful.

The writer himself has not felt strongly enough—is that the reason? He has not learnt the bypaths to approach closer to the human heart—is that the reason? There is not that light that anointed many of Barrie's pages—is that the reason? Scientists touch life; their effort to define it is rather poor. There is something like that in literature; and is it a professional conceit on the part of the literary man to hold that the mysterious element we are talking about is higher than mere physical life? And when we find her we feel,—weep and smile,—but that's all. When we miss her we play a naughty coquette; pity the author and wonder why we are not touched; and indeed that's all we can do. One thing is lacking on the last page of "Only the Subaltern," and that one thing was breathed into the imagination of man long, long ago, when Romance was born to tell a truer truth than that of history.

His characterization? "Why is the interest of character so slight, and action so strong?" asks a writer, and with him ask we all. The author wants to tell a striking incident or episode. Up jumps a puppet, and him he dubs so-and-so. When emphasis shifts from the incidents to characters, then it is quite a different thing. Short stories are too narrow for the development of character. Kipling works under this disadvantage. Greater, therefore, should be his merit could he succeed.

Kipling tells us how he came to be acquainted with his soldiers three. "Through no merit of my own, it was my good fortune to be, in a measure, admitted into their friendship—frankly by Mulvaney from the beginning, sullenly and with reluctance by Learoyd, and suspiciously by Ortheris," says Kipling, and this is his own criticism on the trio that made him famous. Mulvaney, who admitted him frankly into his friendship from the beginning, is the most real of his creations. Kipling sets Mulvaney up, and Mulvaney looks down upon his author and says, "By me you shall be judged." True, he is "in no sense refined, nor to be admitted to the door-mats of the decent folk." But a higher, Kipling had never drawn. Rugged, simple, uncouth,

and so on — you can add a dozen adjectives of this sort, if you please. But when folly, vice, extravagance, kiss the heroic in the questionable twilight, then men say many things and become ecstatic. Mulvaney is that twilight. He can never be tame, nor common, nor stupid. He is the child of naked nature. He is proud of his ruggedness and simplicity. He breaks the decalogue most flagrantly; of that he is proud also. He is no hypocrite. He can be offensive, sinful, outrageous, wild; but tiresome or sickening, never. He is stuffed with all sorts of heathenish appetites, educated by the unholy Christianized Anglo-Saxon, and baked by the tropical sun, an Irishman and a heathen at heart, and his home is India.

With Mrs. Hawksbee, we have made our acquaintance already, and there are other female characters in Kipling's stories — quite a number of them. Of the great number it takes much more distortion of our ethical notions than Buddhistic abnegation, to fall in love with any of them. Mr. Kipling seems to have stumbled over wretched privates and subalterns in Her Majesty's service, — in the dark night, I suppose, — and his fertile imagination grasped them, put dresses upon them over their coats and trousers, and gave them female names, and thus the majority of his female characters seem to have been born. Others, indeed, he looked on in the Indian bazaar through the clouds of his cigar smoke, and sketched them down in his patent flashlight method, so we need not stop to discuss them.

His weird imagination. In his weird tales Kipling is not bold enough. Take the climax in the performance of the sorcerer: "After he had finished that unspeakable triple crawl, he stretched his head away from the floor as high as he could, and sent out a jet of fire from his nostrils"; then the author adds: "Now I know how fire-spouting is done — I can do it myself — so I felt at ease." Here he marred the intensity of the tale, made a cat of a tiger. And later in the tale, when he comments on the blunder of the sorcerer's trick in demanding the double fee, Kipling succeeds in

making a burlesque of the whole thing. All this, alas! because he must be smart at any price!

In this story the name of Poe is mentioned, and his "Mesmeric Revelation" hinted at. Mark the difference of the two artists in the handling of the theme. In that story, Poe speaks in the capacity of a professional mesmerizer. He paints his victim an intellectual sceptic with a phthisical complaint (which is said to clear rather than becloud the intellectual activity of man). The dialogue is dazzling indeed, — makes one gasp, "What would Cousin have said to this?" It verges on such razor-like edge of the impossible, and yet we feel sure within us that we are not reading Arabian tales. I take that testimony in the minds of the readers as a very high compliment. The whole is logical, — as logical as any, to say the least, — and treats of the nature of God, the negativity of the spirit notion, of creation, emanation, individualization; of the relation of man and God; of the future life; of the unorganized existence; of death, motion, infinity; of rudimental beings, the gradations of beings; of substance and ultimate entity; of volition and law; of the origin of pain, and happiness, and evil; — all these from the standpoint of a refined materialist. Poe, after whipping his victim through all the revelations without a ripple of nerve, drives him into the consummation — his death.

Kipling came out of India, the favored cradle of philosophy; but bhusha, hapless girl widows, mud huts, bloodshed, the blunders of the mighty British administrations in India, "the gate of a hundred sorrows," and the ten commandments broken to pieces among the civilians, and the adventures of the privates, are all he seems to have seen and written about. To be able to feel the dark and the hideous is the quality not granted to all — only to those whose souls are great enough to see and feel the day and the beautiful. The intensity of his feeling about the dark and the horrible makes Poe a Prometheus in his corner. It is not given to the common to suffer so. They are incapable. That the ablest human geniuses, from Gautama to Schopenhauer, are sad, and upon

the pages of the chronicle are branded as pessimists, is not a strange fact. Is there any such intensity in Mr. Kipling?

His style. To say that Mr. Kipling is a logician is misleading. The wise and thoughtful would frown at the statement, and the frivolous would jeer or giggle or sneer, as if that were the handsomest thing for them to do—it is very becoming indeed! But Mr. Kipling's writings are the very embodiment of formal logic—this is correct. The absence of stories—really good stories—in the writings of Mr. Kipling is remarkable, and his indifference as to the matter and the content is well-nigh sublime—like unto that of the logicians. All is the way in which the commonplace tales are told; all is form in which they are put; and old Mrs. Kendrick's turkey-gobbler with a plug hat on is strutting all through his stories. Barrie, commenting on the popular criticism of Mark Twain on Kipling, says that it is all right to say that Mr. Kipling should be read for his style, even if there be no story back of it, if indeed this be possible. But when style is not only man, but also the story itself, then what? This criticism is a mirror held up to Barrie. He found his stories scattered over the braes, with mud and stones, and he might have thought that the only thing of moment was how to tell the everyday stories. The greatest capital was given freely to him and so ignored by him. The eye that sees does hardly see how clear that eye is too often, and the heart that feels, rarely feels the most delicate fibers of its own. And so he thought that style is the story itself. Mark Twain, the seer, I believe, is correct. Mr. Kipling is "the prince of story-tellers," minus story.

It has been said that Kipling's ability in dialect is hereditary. His father is a very fine mimic. With free conscience and black despair, I hereby pronounce it to be the most unpronounceable dialect that I have ever seen spelt out. Sanskrit must be a joke in comparison, and maybe Mulvaney and his compeers spoke the dialect just to put Pali to shame. What I cannot understand here is, that he makes no explanation, nay, gives no account of the disjointed jawbones, tongues

helplessly twisted into a rope, and the broken fragments of the lips of the speakers.

Kipling is the ideal incarnate of the up-to-date literatus—that is to say, a sworn enemy to the classics, and a perfect imp in smashing the decalogue right and left. His popularity is not wonderful.

Critics take up the poetical works of Emerson and Poe and declare that they cannot understand how such rare gems and so much trash find a common home between the same covers. But in the writings of Mr. Kipling they find a wonder. When the New York *Herald* paid Mr. Kipling five hundred dollars for the privilege of printing his I-don't-know-what on the bicycle, an economist suggested that it would have been cheaper for Mr. Kipling to have paid the *Herald* the amount not to publish that stuff. Would that that were the only economic blunder in the experiences of the pet of Fortune, famous at twenty-three. And yet it was he who put, "It is windy diet for a colt," in Torpenhow's mouth after making him tear to pieces Dick's work, painted just to suit and satisfy public taste. And now what's the matter? Did Kipling really know himself?—and knowingly, did he fall into the pit dug at his feet?

"An observer, not a thinker," Lionel Johnson said of him once. And here is another compliment from Francis Adams: "Ah, if only kind nature had given him as much brain-power as she has given him pictorial talent, what a rendering of the Anglo-Indian life we might have had!" In Kipling, constructive imagination is lorded over with fancies and brilliant series of pictures. His imagination salaams to his memory. Let us grant all that are his,—and that means much that is excellent,—grant that he strikes keynotes, and in a few strokes images forth a picture real and vivid as life; grant him that calm reserve, the conscious strength that is silent; that dislike of the superfluous; grant him that simplicity wherein the Athenæum catches the Homeric accent; grant him the poetic fire that glances, laughs, sings, throughout his pages; grant him the masterly power in the dialogue style; grant him his

horse-laugh wit, which is very pleasant sometimes ; grant him all these and much more if you please — what then ? After all, in the production of that which makes men better and happier, his “utmost smartness and cocksureness available” helps him no more than rheumatism helps in log rolling.

Having criticized him, I stand ready — expectant in fact — for an outburst of public condemnation. I said that Kipling could not see some things, and all that his friends have to do, is to turn the table and say to me, “You have no eyes for those things which Kipling saw and wrote. You are a bad critic. An ideal critic should have the widest possible sympathy, and must appreciate every form of literature.” To this I bow most humbly as most true. I cannot see some things ; I positively refuse to sympathize with some things — yes, a bad critic, in short. But the remark, I mean the rebuke — as I take it — is it not rather a compliment ?

ADACHI KINOSUKÉ.

Glendale, California.

A WORD FOR THE MORMONS.

THE spirit of religious persecution does not belong to an archaic and vanished past ; it still embroils neighborhoods and embitters national life, gags the press and poisons the founts of literature. In this republican land, sectarian jealousy and ecclesiastical ambition kindle their baleful fires ; here a union of church and state still exists, which large bodies of Christians make use of for their own advantage under pretense of the public good. The newspapers recently reported a convention of the clergy in and about Boston, at which resolutions were passed asking for “the recognition of Jesus Christ as King and Lawgiver in the Constitution of the United States, and the acknowledgment of Almighty God and His will as revealed in the Holy Scripture as the court of final appeal.” And it is from the ranks of this class of re-

formers that the material has been drawn for the Anti-Polygamy League, recently formed to prevent a congressman-elect of Utah from taking his seat, and "to give Mormonism a setback," as frankly stated. Col. T. W. Higginson, in giving his reasons for declining the invitation to join the league, shows plainly that he thinks its charges are not based on ascertained facts, and that the movement bears the ear-marks of sectarian hate; and he asks pertinently enough, "whose turn will it be next?" But such courageous utterances in such matters, are like angels' visits, few, and far between. President Eliot of Harvard College, which has on its roster scions of Mormon households, after a visit to the home of the Rocky Mountain Saints, saw a resemblance between the faith and the fate of the Mormon and those of the Puritan, as others of candid intelligence had done before him, and his conduct was at once made the subject of animadversion by press and pulpit.

Cultured New Englanders, proud of their descent from the Puritan stock, love to dwell on the virtues and sufferings of those refugees from old-world intolerance, and condone and minimize the bigotries and cruelties of what is called the Puritan Commonwealth; and any suggestion that the experience of that band of exiles may be paralleled in this age and in this land is treated as an unpardonable sin, compounded of heresy and treason. The newspapers teem with articles attacking Mormonism in the most hostile and prejudiced way, while it is next to impossible to get a hearing for the other side.

And if these things are true today, what must it have been in those days when the Mormons were driven from Ohio, from Missouri, and from Illinois, and finally into the uninhabited wilderness? We should know that these persecutions were inaugurated before polygamy had become a part of the Mormon faith. And through it all, from first to last, these people have been represented as ignorant, superstitious, priest-ridden, and law-defying; while the truth is, as the most reliable and statistical investigations have shown, that they are among the most industrious, moral, and law-abiding com-

munities within the confines of the Republic. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Their doctrinal tenets even are more progressive and rationalistic than the creeds of many other Christian sects. And no church organization could possibly be more democratic, and at the same time biblical.

All the leading officials of the Mormon Church are American born, and principally of New England lineage, tracing their descent from revolutionary sires, and some of them from the Pilgrim Fathers.

The presidency consists of the eldest three of the twelve apostles, who are the heads of a numerous apostolate embracing most of the church membership, all of whom are preachers and workers, unsalaried, and self-supporting. The Mormon's familiarity with the plough and the muck-rake does not cease when he enters holy orders, and his garb continues to be that of the farmer and the artisan. He emulates Paul in earning his living by the sweat of his brow, no less than in the preaching of the Gospel. This priesthood has three grand divisions, equal in authority, whose decisions are reached by prayer and consultation, and submitted to the church as a whole in its semi-annual conferences. Father Hecker, whose teachings are causing such a commotion in the Catholic Church, is said to have studied Mormonism in the arrangement of his program. But it is still a long way from the Vatican to the Beehive, from the Tiber to the River Jordan!

The Mormon creed was an attempt to wed common sense to bible teaching before the advent of Darwin and of Strauss. It was Universalist as to salvation, and Unitarian as to the God-head. Before Theodore Parker preached his father and mother God, a Mormon poetess had sung:

In the Heavens are parents single?
No, the thought makes Reason stare!
Truth is Reason, Truth Eternal
Tells me I've a mother there!

The orthodox heaven and hell were ridiculed by the Mormon seer before Ingersoll saw the light; but he did not leave

futurity a blank, as he taught the principle of eternal progression, and saw numberless worlds, the creation of men who had become gods, and inhabited by their own progeny. The natural and civic virtues which the Christian Church is just beginning to appreciate, were factors of a true, spiritual manhood. Those who in the world's history were distinguished for their moral and intellectual excellence have a place in the Mormon Pantheon. Every man is to be rewarded according to his works here and in the beyond, whose estates will differ as do the glories of the sun, moon, and stars. Earth, according to their teaching, is the lowest hell man will ever know; salvation and damnation stand for a plus and minus quantity.

The spirit of brotherhood and equality was never more marked among Christian believers since the year one. "Brother" and "sister" take the place of "Mr." and "Mrs." in speaking of members of their communion from the president to the latest convert. It is the practice to settle differences by arbitration; to resort to the courts is a proof of weakness in the faith. America is Zion; and a coöperative communistic society is to prepare the way for the second coming of the Son of Man. At the present time, the letters Z. C. M. I. (Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution) are seen at the entrance of business establishments throughout Utah. The land, though still in private hands, belongs to the Lord, and will be called for when the interests of the kingdom demand it. Mormon heresies are both economic and theological, as may be seen. Salt Lake City, one of the chief states of the new Zion, is one of the most beautiful and best-planned cities on the continent, with its wide streets adorned with trees and running brooks; its Tabernacle, seating over ten thousand people, is unequalled for its acoustic qualities; and close by rises the famous Temple with its lofty spires; and around all, soar the mighty Wasatch mountains, veined with silver and clad with pines powdered with snow!

All innocent amusements and recreations are encouraged, in which mingle both old and young, the dance being opened

by prayer, and the Bishop taking his place in the cotillion, though looking askance on the waltz as a concession to giddy youth. One of the first resorts of this kind in the valley was christened Social Hall, a name given fifty years later to an apartment in the new Tremont Temple in Boston. And the Salt Lake Theater was for many years one of the finest Thespian structures west of the Mississippi, in which the world's best talent appeared under the eye of Brigham Young, whose comely face and marked personality divided the attention of the audience.

The Word of Wisdom, counseling abstinence from strong drink, and tobacco, and even tea and coffee, has been more potent than the world's temperance societies, with their fussy and expensive methods. The fumes of the saloon have not yet polluted the atmosphere of the home, the school, and politics in Utah. Mormondom, generally speaking, is a land without a pauper or prostitute, or it was such, before the setting in of these civilizing influences with the courtesan, mendicant, and rumseller in their train.

But how about the golden plates Smith said he unearthed in Chattanooga county, New York? Wasn't that a lie? No; because plates of a similar description were afterward found in Ohio. But how about the translation? Well, I don't know that he read into those ancient writings any more of his own mind than the sermonizers and the creed-makers are wont to read into the Christian and Hebrew scriptures. Yes, but how about the angels that visited him? Again, I do not know, but it was as much the privilege of an American youth to converse with angels and speak in the name of the Lord, as it was of persons who lived in the land of Judea, two thousand or more years ago. Spiritualists will perhaps say that Joseph Smith was a medium, like the founders of other religions. Be this as it may, those who accept the Bible as the Word of God are in no position to criticize Mormon belief; indeed, they are responsible for that belief, and will have to bestir themselves to catch up with it. This is the better side of Mormonism to be sure, but it marks its strongest charac-

teristics, nevertheless; and to ignore these, as its critics are wont to do, is to miss the secret of its power and success. It avails but little to cull out what is ugly, to quote utterances of its leaders, torn from the context and without reference to time and surroundings, as proof of treasonable designs or wicked propensities.

The oft-repeated charge of a belief in the doctrine of blood atonement has never been substantiated by a single instance in the history of the church. The charge of *imperium in imperio* is just as vague and unwarranted. The church believes in the higher law, as do all reformers. It makes no claim to exercising any function of civil government, to which it professes a perfect allegiance. Its prophet even declared that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were inspired instruments. The Mormons expect that Christ will rule at his coming; but Christians cannot object to that, and the rationalist will admit the force of the argument in the event, especially if its preparatory stages are marked by conquests of the wilderness, and the extinction of poverty and vice.

But it is the commendable features of the Mormon faith that shock the piety and traverse the teachings of orthodox Christians; a proof of which is given in the latest onslaught on this pretentious upstart sect by these worshipers of tradition in the East. The Social Service League of New York, which claims to be "non-partisan and non-sectarian," and numbers among its supporters some of the leading philanthropists of the country, has just issued a series of tracts entitled Anti-Mormon Leaflets, which assail the Mormon Church and people in the most merciless fashion. Here are some of the false teachings that are listed as dangerous heresies:

"The Christian Church of today has its apostles, prophets, pastors, and evangelists, and all the powers and gifts possessed by the primitive church. The Bible does not contain all the word of God; and it may be that not one verse of the whole Bible has escaped pollution. The living oracles are worth

more to the Latter-Day Saints than all the Bibles that were ever written. Ask of me and you shall receive revelation upon revelation. All men may become gods; our father and God were once as we are now. God is subject to the necessary laws that control all matter. The fall of our first parents is one of the first steps towards eternal exaltation. The atonement signifies the deliverance of the earth and everything pertaining to it from the power of death. Redemption from personal sins can be obtained only from obedience to the gospel, and a life of good works. There is probation after death, and the living may be baptized for the dead. Jesus and the Father are two persons in the same sense as are Peter and John. God approved of a plurality of wives practised by his servants. Jesus was descended from this stock; and the attachment shown by Jesus to Martha and Mary would be proper only in the relation between husband and wife. Jesus was a father in the flesh; and his wives wept at the cross and visited his sepulcher."

These are good reasons certainly for the Baptist Home Mission Society saying there must be "a massing of our best-equipped workers on the danger line of the Rocky Mountain states, with Utah as the battle center, to the end that America may continue to be a Christian land." And a mightier emphasis still, is given to this view by the statement that the Mormon Church made sixty thousand converts during the past year, the largest in any year of its history, and larger than that of any other Christian denomination! There must indeed be a wonderful vitality in a sect that thrives in this way, with the whole of Christendom arrayed against it. But this fact would seem to indicate to a mind capable of reflection that there was something wrong with the character, the spirit, and methods of the opposition. The late proclamation of Governor Rollins of New Hampshire contains some hint of this kind, as it shows the failure of the Christian Church in its own greatest stronghold, the New England states. In truth, a revolution in Christian teaching and spirit seems to be needed; and it looks as if the Mormons were moving in the right direction.

Mormonism has not escaped the nearly fatal error of other new faiths, in confounding its own interpretations of scripture and of life with eternal laws and purposes; and the maintenance of its advantage over other Christian bodies must come through the sloughing off the defects, and cultivation of the virtues that nestle together in the heart of the system. Its principles of progression and revelation must be made still more consonant with the theory of evolutionary growth and the laws of mental action. But Mormonism has its practical program, whose merits more than offset its traditional errors and misfits, and place it more in a line with the demands of the age, of "the Power that makes for righteousness," than even our liberal Christian sects whose "pale negations" satisfy neither the head nor the heart. The Book of Mormon, though in one sense a tedious narrative of the fate of the ancient inhabitants of America, has more of the Christ spirit, of the divine afflatus, of the character of modernity, than those refined discourses full of the aroma of the most cultured piety, which may be called the Book of Mammon. The Mormon scripture meets issues squarely, and its homely and antique phrase pulsates with sympathy for the lowly and oppressed, with indignation at wrong, and with faith in the triumph of the truth and the right.

There are symptoms of an abatement of zeal or a contraction of aim in temporal activities, which may be commendable or not, according to the motive of such change of attitude; it may imply either a desire to bring about a more perfect adjustment between spiritual and secular interests, or a disposition to stop at the initial or compromise stage of coöperation inaugurated under Brigham Young as an instalment of the "Order of Enoch" as revealed through Joseph Smith,—a movement in the line of progress, as long as the Church acts as inspirer and councillor and not as dictator and financier. Hesitation at this time in this lofty and legitimate emprise, to carry this earth from its terrestrial to its telestial and celestial conditions, would be treason to the

best interests of our race and our epoch. If an advance is not soon made, Mormon society will drop to the Gentile level of inequality, of pride and greed, separating faith from works and substituting charity for justice. Utah may lead the union, if she will, in the solution of the great labor problem, either through voluntary coöperation or state action, or both working in unison. If it fails in this, Utah will have missed its opportunity and the Mormon religion have lost half of its promised glory and reward.

These are the causes that first awoke the enmity of the other sects which later on found a more plausible justification in the doctrine of polygamy, an imitation of the domestic relations existing once among God's chosen people. It was because of this unheard of blasphemy of divine revelation that the Mormon missionary was insulted, tarred and feathered, and put to death; that the Mormon prophet was slain while in the custody of the law, by a mob with blackened faces; that the Mormons' temples were defiled, their cities destroyed, and thousands of homeless families driven into the trackless waste, begirt by winter's storms, wild beasts, and savage tribes more merciful and hospitable than civilized, Christianized man.

When they had found a resting-place in the heart of the Great American Desert, which under their hands began to blossom as the rose, another anti-Mormon crusade was hatched in the East by those pinks of perfection, the pious politician and the patriotic parson, which resulted in James Buchanan sending an army out there in 1857 to chastise a rumored disobedience to authority,—Brigham Young being governor under a territorial form of government. And these troops were sent at the very time they were needed to deal with a real rebellion at home, involving half the states of the Union, indifference to which was excused by the plea of a lack of constitutional powers! Descriptions of Mormon life centering about the polygamous home, which were few enough in number, were spread over the land, making it appear that tyranny and sensuality on the part of man, and

misery and subjection on the part of woman, were the characteristics of this plural-marriage system and of Mormonism itself. All of which the prurient and prejudiced imagination of the outside Christian world was prone to believe.

After the close of the Civil War, the republican party was reminded of its pledge regarding this other twin relic of barbarism, the only evil which, like slavery, threatened the honor and the life of the nation! This was the view of the statesmanship of that time; though it is true this party must have spent much of its strength in wrestling with the problems of tariff and finance as shown in the triumph of protectionism and of the gold standard early in the seventies. Whether it is true or not, as believed by half the voters of the country today, that the demonetization of silver was achieved by stealth and fraud, it is certain that the war on polygamy was waged by the aid of gross and systematic misrepresentation. And in this respect a striking contrast is revealed between the "twin relics," for, until the war broke out, it had been a crime to harbor a fugitive slave and to denounce his master, whereas it was a crime to question the righteousness of any steps taken for the extirpation of polygamy. There was a suppression of facts, of free speech in both instances, in one as much as another. In other respects the comparison also failed. The church was the apologist of one of the "twin relics," while it led in the onslaught on the other. The Mormons were a handful of people, poor and despised, while the slavocracy was an empire in itself, with its grip on the finances and the conscience of the nation. In Utah, slavery was forbidden and abhorred, while in the south polygamy of a certain, or rather most uncertain, kind is said to have prevailed.

It has never been asked what polygamy is. There is perhaps no department of human life, unless it be the strictly theological, in which dogmatism and sentimentalism have held such complete sway, as in that of the relation of the sexes. It is safe to say that this relation has not been studied in its moral, physiological, and even its legal aspects, as the

intelligence of this age demands. In this place I can touch only on those phases of the subject directly on the line of the argument.

The Mormons had acknowledged plural marriage as a part of a doctrine of faith, though its practice was very limited ; but they distinguished it from bigamy and illicit co-habitation, with which it has been confounded, even by the legal mind ; the difference being, that in the one case there is injustice and deception from which the other is free ; in polygamy, the women and their children have a recognized status of equal honor and property rights, while in those other illicit and clandestine relations, there are no recognized rights and obligations. And Mormon polygamy differs essentially from that found among other peoples, in that it is regulated by certain laws having a religious sanction, which are in the interest of the wife, of purity, and of offspring. The accepted interpretation, among Christians, of that text of scripture which says that "a bishop shall be the husband of one wife," is, of *but* one wife, which the Catholic improves on by making it mean that it were better if he were not married at all ; but the Mormon exegesis is that he should be the husband of *at least* one wife ; the idea being that this enlarged sphere of experience and responsibility gives added wisdom and stability of character. The antecedents of the Hebrew race would seem to support the Mormon theory, as nearly all the old Bible worthies were polygamists.

Divorce can be obtained by the wife at her request, but by the husband for the gravest reasons only. And a woman can first propose, a respect for her wishes being almost obligatory. Thus polygamy is made to favor natural selection, the propagation of the fittest. The sentiment of love is one factor in the marriage relation ; the interests of the race and of posterity rank among the chief considerations.

Besides the distinction between polygamy and bigamy, and the rights of conscience and religion, the Mormon stood by the right of every state in the Union to make its own marriage laws, for though Utah was still a territory, its people

believed they possessed every qualification for statehood required by the constitution. On these lines they defended their cause, throwing the burden of proof on the prosecution, and asserting their innocence when arraigned before judges, with a mission, and appealing from one tribunal to another. Congress, whose complexion was republican, sought a remedy in a series of enactments of the most extreme and anomalous character, bearing on the power of congress over the territories, on the definition of crime, the function of the bench, impanneling of a jury, methods of proof, treatment of suspects, all of which culminated at last in wholesale disfranchisement and the confiscation of property. And these things were done, be it remembered, under the generalship of Edmunds of Vermont and Hoar of Massachusetts,—Senator Hoar, who now points to this same Constitution under which he performed these feats, in condemnation of imperialism and in defense of the Filipinos!

The sympathetic imagination might conceive how the Mormons may look upon such a trend in national affairs as the outworking of the law of retribution, imperialism abroad following close on aggression at home, just as the Civil War broke out after the sending of an army to Utah under the reign of Buchanan! From the pulpit in the great Mormon tabernacle, the prophecy of the founder of Mormonism is often told that the Latter-Day Saints would some day be found among the chief defenders of the United States Constitution.

The Mormons finally succumbed, and gave up their peculiar institution, by the issue of a formal manifesto from the heads of the church, and Utah came into the Union after forty years of territorial vassalage, under a constitution prohibiting polygamy, and an amnesty for all past offenses from the President of the United States. This was in 1893. Before this event, the Mormons had divided on party lines, having different views on the political issues of the day and making common cause with the Gentiles or non-Mormons; elections being conducted in the same manner and contested with the same spirit as in other parts of the country, and resulting in

republican and at other times in democratic victory. The new state restored to woman the right of suffrage, of which she had been deprived by federal legislation, and each branch of the state legislature has a woman on its rolls. Utah is the first state to enact a law requiring equal pay for equal services for man and woman. And it stands alone, also, in decreeing that illegitimate children shall have equal rights to inheritance—a rather remarkable showing where woman is held in “bondage.” But Senator Hattie Hughes Cannon and Representative Martha E. Horne are neither graduates of Wellesley College nor members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, although they are well educated and have a Revolutionary pedigree. How must this look to the woman suffragists of the East, and especially of Massachusetts, whose legislature at this writing has voted by a large majority against woman suffrage!

Now, it is said, a polygamist has been sent to congress; and the nation is to be aroused to the danger that threatens the home and civilization! The first alarm comes from the Presbyterian and Methodist missions in Salt Lake City, accompanied by an appeal for funds; and the cry gathers volume as it travels eastward and breaks on the Atlantic coast with a deafening roar, drowning, as it were, the lingering echoes of the Spanish-American war, and agitating the placid surface of social life from Plymouth Rock to the Texan Plains, and even to the Golden Gate! The pulpit serves as the sounding-board for the reverberation of the people's wrath; as it has, of course, in every national crisis, as the student of history so well knows! Petitions pour into congress, calling for immediate action. But these petitions are almost without exception from ecclesiastical bodies. The press has been utilized, the Associated Press serving as the obsequious agent of this uprising of the clergy, the lightnings of heaven serving as a strict partisan in the interest of purity and piety! The legislatures of some of the states have passed resolutions drafted for them by an assembly of divines, while others have refused to obey such mandate,

thinking it doubtless a rather cheap way of spreading the fame of their own virtue and respectability.

And what are these charges? It is said that Congressman-elect Brigham H. Roberts is an open and defiant polygamist, living with three wives, one of whom he has taken since Utah became a state, and another of whom has recently given birth to twins; that his election was a Mormon device for foisting polygamy on the nation and a proof of Mormon perfidy; and that his admission to congress would compromise that body and lower the standard of public morality.

These charges appear to be baseless, if we except the fact that Mr. Roberts was a polygamist before Utah's admission to the Union, and that he believes he has certain moral obligations to the women he married and their children, from which neither church nor state can absolve him. Mr. Roberts ran for congress once before, and nothing was said about his being a law-breaker until, during his second candidacy, it appeared that he was coming out ahead at the polls. He had been nominated because he was a good democrat, an able politician, a strong silver man, and a gifted orator. Both Gentiles and Mormons voted for him; many of the most prominent Mormons being arrayed against him. Heber Grant, the governor of Utah, and a high Mormon official, advised against his election, and was answered by Mr. Roberts in a letter that is said to be unmatched in the west for its classic English and savage invective. Mrs. Lorenzo R. Snow, wife of the president of the Mormon Church, voted against him, as did Miss Cannon, a daughter of George Q. Cannon and sister of the Utah senator, and Emeline B. Wells, editor of a leading Mormon periodical. They are republicans and he is a democrat. These women say that polygamy is dead in Utah, though they believe in the principle. The United States District Attorney for Utah says he does not believe a single plural marriage has been contracted since Utah came into the Union. Roberts's domestic relations had absolutely nothing to do with his nomination.

The reports I have mentioned, have made a fixed im-

pression on the public mind at variance with the facts of the case, an impression easily made and fostered because of anti-Mormon prejudice and its control of the avenues of intelligence. And these reports have been made stronger by all sorts of stories and cunning manipulation of various occurrences.

A picture of Roberts as a tramp seated on the stump of a tree has been going the rounds of the papers, with these subjoined remarks or comments :

" If there are any who suppose that Brigham H. Roberts of Utah is going to give up the fight he is making to secure a seat in congress and resign, they mistake the desperate character of the man. One incident in his career shows his bulldog tenacity.

" Roberts, with two other Mormons, went to Tennessee to do missionary work. His companions were killed by angry citizens when the nature of their mission became known, and Roberts himself barely escaped with his life.

" Determined to secure the bodies of his comrades, and knowing upon his return to the scene of the trouble that recognition would mean instant death, he disguised himself as a tramp. As such he again invaded the enemy's country, secured the missionaries' bodies and carried them back to Utah."

Would such an act on the part of a missionary of any other Christian sect be proof of the "desperate character" and "bulldog tenacity" of the man? Would it not rather be spoken of in terms of the highest praise, as an act of heroism showing the power of the Christian faith? But mark the covert approval of the other deed, the killing of Mormon missionaries in these United States! If a Methodist or Presbyterian missionary be slain in China, the whole of Christendom is shocked, and our ambassador at Peking addresses a protest to the rulers of the Celestial Empire. But suppose one of these preachers of a pure Christianity, a Unitarian, an Episcopalian, a Catholic, or Baptist were killed in this way in any of the states of the Union! And what if their blood were spilled in the state of Utah!

A leading New York daily, the Nestor of reform in a certain sense, gibbeted the clergy in the Bryan campaign of '96 as the defenders of "the crime of '73," the demonetization of silver. But now this journal is the clergy's mouthpiece in this anti-Mormon crusade. It sent Mrs. Winnifred Black to Utah to interview Mr. Roberts and his "favorite wife." Mrs. Black represented Mrs. Maggie C. Roberts as not only predicting the speedy dying-out of polygamy in Utah, but as exulting in the prospect, because it was "a burden and a grievous one, to be borne only as a commandment of the church," and as saying that "only women who are degenerate will tell you this is not so." This seemed incredible, though it was possible to conceive that Mrs. Roberts conveyed the idea that plural marriage, though a cross to some, tends to the ennoblement of character, as she had said that principle, and not happiness, should be the motive of life. A note of inquiry was addressed to Mrs. Roberts as to the correctness of these interviews, and she answered as follows :

"I asked Brother Roberts if he were reported correctly and he said 'No.' As to my interview with Mrs. Black (Annie Laurie), I must say that when I read it in the paper I was so annoyed that I was perfectly bewildered. Had some other name than mine been there I never would have recognized it. Then again, I would think ; why, yes, there was something said about this or that, but not in that way. But I positively affirm that I never referred to any burden or cross under plural marriage. Nor did I talk freely of Mr. Roberts, but only said in answer to her remark 'that it was too bad he should be made the victim,' let the question be settled and all will be well. I have had trouble, but who has not in this world ? I spoke of the loss of some of my lovely children, whose pictures hung on the wall. She said she had one little boy, six years old, and did not feel she could live without him. I then told her of my great faith in God, and hoped some day to understand many things that I now took on trust ; that I believed in revelation, that woman could make God her friend and be upheld and inspired by Him. This seemed to impress her and she said, 'that is just what the women of the world lack ; you have something to lean upon.' She is a spicy writer and pleases her readers. Reporters

have not impressed me as the most scrupulous class of persons in the community. I am sorry, for I thought the woman was beautiful, and I pay homage to beauty wherever I see it. If there is one woman in all Mormondom who is happy, I am that woman. My life has come to be one sweet, lovely day, such as comes to few mortals, I imagine. Whatever happens, I shall be a soul companion to him forever."

Mrs. Roberts is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, and practises in Salt Lake City.

Another cartoon going the rounds purports to picture a Mormon family of about two score members, and is inscribed, "as families run in Utah this is a small one." The idea meant to be conveyed is, that most of the Mormon families are polygamous, and that the average is a large one. Now not more than two per cent. of the church membership practised polygamy in the days of its prime, and but a small proportion of the polygamists had more than two wives. In this picture fifteen out of the twenty-five are males, and five are little girls, so that the polygamic feature is not very marked. It is worth observing in this connection that three thousand francs were given in Paris the other day, as a prize to the man with the largest family, a wife and sixteen children. Some women would prefer dividing such a responsibility, by sharing their husband's affections with a second or third wife. How long will it be, judging by the way things are going in our civilized society, before it will be found expedient to offer prizes for the largest and best family of children? How many now evade the responsibility of children, either from necessity or choice? Bishop Potter of New York said lately, "To some women these ministries of the home are denied by modern conditions, and there is a tendency which ought to be frankly owned to dis-esteem domestic cares and duties." The question, "Is marriage a failure?" now being so much discussed, is warranted by the statistics of divorce and of celibacy. The social evil is not only on the increase, but is being legalized. Brigham Young, in a conversation with Mrs. Frank Leslie a few months before his decease, said, "Why,

I have walked the streets of your great cities at night, and my heart has bled to see the hollow eyes and painted cheeks of the women who walk them, and who lead away the young men who are to be the husbands of this, and the fathers of the next generation. Not one such woman is to be found in all Utah, and our young men are pure, and our women are virtuous, and our children are born free from inherited disease." And he might have referred to woman's condition as an industrial serf, in factory, store, garret, and kitchen, which rob her of health, beauty, and freedom.

The Mormon delegation to the Woman's National Council, just held in Washington, introduced resolutions which ought to have come from the east; the one by Mrs. Susa Young Gates declared in favor of studies in schools and colleges for qualifying young women for the responsibilities and duties of parentage, and one by Mrs. Lorenzo Snow asked for the appointment of a committee to work for the admission of girls to all our colleges and universities. Mrs. Martha H. Tingley read a paper on "The Possibilities of Woman," that would make the nerves of some of our eastern women-folk tingle.

A ringing manifesto was expected, of course, on the Roberts case from the Woman's National Council, the most representative body of women in America; and when it leaked out that the Council did not share in the widespread hysteria, it was charged with being infected with strange sexual heresies, and with selling itself for Mormon gold! The resolutions that were passed offered few crumbs of comfort to the alarmists. Neither Roberts nor polygamy is mentioned.

"*Whereas*, the National Council of Women of the United States stands for the highest ideals of domestic and civic virtue, as well as for the observance of law in all of its departments, both state and national; therefore,

"*Resolved*, no person shall be allowed to hold a place in any lawmaking body of this nation who is not a law-abiding citizen."

There is hope for our country when a woman's convention can on such an occasion pass so fair, sensible, and courageous

a resolution as this. Let them stand by the principle expressed in it, and wrong will be done to no one.

There are forms of pluralism more dastardly and noxious than the one charged against Utah's Representative-elect. Whether such cases as the following, which is not the worst known in high places, comes under this head, may be a matter of opinion. A late news dispatch reads as follows :

"Wilmington, Del.,—J. Edward Addicks, gas manipulator, politician, and financier, whose wife obtained a divorce a few months ago on technical grounds, after one of the most sensational trials ever known in this section, will be married at noon, on Wednesday, to Mrs. Ida Carr Wilson, who was named correspondent at the trial. Only a few friends have been invited. Addicks is president of the Bay State Gas Company. In 1894 he ran for the United States senate against former Senator Anthony Higgins, and was defeated after a long struggle. In the hearing for divorce, Mrs. Addicks testified that her husband's infidelity had extended from 1887 to the time of the suit."

Addicks is again a candidate for senatorial honors, and at this writing his name leads in the balloting in the Delaware legislature. But the Baptist Union and the Young Men's Christian Associations of Delaware and Massachusetts are silent ! When, it may be asked, in the history of our government, was a candidate for public office ever defeated, or a holder of office ever deposed, because of vagrant fancies and lawless impulses in sexual affairs ? Who will rise in his place and say that there are no practical pluralists in congress or in our state legislatures ? What an interesting time is ahead, when one of the weapons of party warfare will be neighborhood gossip about the private life of an aspirant for public office. Sexual purity is certainly desirable among the official class, but how strange that we should just wake up to this fact and draw the line in such an unscientific and maudlin fashion !

The charges against B. H. Roberts rest on rumors and insinuations which give a false view of the situation and fail to

make clear either the moral or the legal issues involved. The evidence shows that no plural marriages have been contracted in Utah since it became a state, and that Roberts's offense, at the worst, is that he has not abandoned utterly the women and children bound to him before Utah's admission; and it shows that he was elected to congress by a Gentile and Mormon vote with many of the highest Mormon officials as his political opponents.

These petitions to congress against Roberts are the work of conclaves of ecclesiastics headed by the orthodox, whose enmity pursued the Mormons before polygamy was any part of their creed, and who are moved more by the angry jealousy of a prosperous rival, than by fear of the disruption of the home from that source.

The Christian church in general accepts the Bible as its authority in all religious matters, including marriage, which it holds to be a sacred rite; while it looks on Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and Solomon, polygamists all, as the inspired mouthpieces of God for all time. And the same church which is so concerned about the integrity of the home, is the defender of social conditions, which, by denying to man and woman their industrial rights, tend more to the destruction of the home than all other causes combined.

It is by no means clear what the critics and opponents of Mormonism take as their standard of Christianity; for while they are so bold in their denunciations of the Mormon system, they are silent about the errors and superstitions of the other prevailing forms of religion in this country; and while they express themselves so freely concerning the Mormon priesthood, they are reticent as to the dangers of priestcraft elsewhere.

In instituting a comparison between Mormon and Christian homes and civilization, the imagination and preconceived ideas, instead of the real facts and actual state of things, are made the basis of the argument; the one is pictured in the darkest, and the other in the brightest hues, the one having no redeeming feature, and the other being without a flaw. No

notice is taken of the fact that Utah has a higher percentage of school attendance than has most other states of the Union, and a lower percentage of crime than any of them; that but two per cent. of the Mormons practiced polygamy when it was in its prime, and that Utah, under Mormon rule, enjoyed an almost entire exemption from two of the greatest curses of our Christian civilization, pauperism and prostitution; that the Mormon women, who are represented as degraded and enslaved, have the ballot in their hands and a representation of their own sex in both branches of the state legislature, besides being organized in numerous benevolent and educational associations which are represented in the Woman's National Council of America.

An amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting polygamy is proposed by some, as if there were not other evils in the way of loose sexual relations more dangerous to morals and the home, such as frequent divorce, which is consecutive polygamy, so to speak, and the social evil, which spreads its moral and physical poison throughout society. And such an amendment would deny to any state the right to make any variation from the present marriage relation, though demanded by a majority of its citizens of both sexes in the interest of social purity and individual freedom. But we must exclude Roberts, although he is on a higher plane than a large proportion of men in public life, and it may be on as high a plane as the strictest monogamist. Legislation on marriage or the relation of the sexes should take place under strictly rational auspices and not at the behest of prejudice and sectarianism.

This essay may fitly conclude with these lines from a poem on "Prejudice" written in the forties, by Eliza R. Snow, sister of Lorenzo Snow, president of the Mormon Church today:

'Tis not an orb dispensing light,
Like that which shines in yonder heaven;
'Tis not a star that glistens bright,
Like those that deck the crest of even.

'Tis not a pinion formed to bear
 The mind where Reason's hosts resort;
 'Tis not a chart directing where
 Investigation holds his court.

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 It is a charm-inspiring deep,
 A deadly soporific spell,
 Which lulls the faculties to sleep,
 And softly whispers, "All is well."

It is a bolt whose massy weight
 The strength and skill of Truth defies;
 A prison wall before whose gate
 Bold Common Sense affrighted flies!

THEODORE W. CURTIS.

Boston.

THE "NATIONAL DUTY" DELUSION.

THE argument of duty to civilization, Christianity, and progress, as the reason for American occupation and possession of the Philippine Islands, is a most palpable case of dissembling on the part of the government of the United States.

Every day it is becoming more evident that although there are two motives impelling our governmental authorities in the conquest of the Philippines, neither of them bears the remotest relation to duty. These two motives are imperialism and commercialism. Imperialism is the desire for great national power; commercialism, the desire for great gain.

Imperialism is represented by the army and navy, and the military spirit which is clamoring for their increase. Of what use is an army or a navy unless there is some fighting to do, and how much fighting can there be unless there is some one to conquer? It is not hard to discover the reason for the imperial policy of the government, even if it can be shown that the people are not in favor of it.

It can hardly be denied that our boasted government of,

for, and by the people, is at the present time very largely controlled and influenced in a very great and dangerous measure, by moneyed powers, whose sentiments, possession of wealth, and material interests, have so distorted their consciences that to them all men are not born free and with equal rights. The government is not now "run" "for the people, of the people, and by the people." The functions of government are used in the interest of wealth, corporate power, and the politicians. The present condition of the people, the great mass of working people, materially and industrially, is proof enough of this. Further, the government represents the policy of the single gold money standard, which is simply one of the schemes of money imperialism. It favors the contraction of the people's money, the placing of the money power in the hands of a few, which will increase the wealth of the wealthy and the poverty of the poor. It represents policies favorable to trusts and corporations, the increase of military power, the absolutism of the Federal courts, and the monopoly of industries and the country's productions.

The discussion of how this kind of government obtained power in a free country, with supposed universal suffrage, is for another time. But are not these the facts?

Commercialism is represented by the great capitalists, who control the government policies, who see in the possession of the islands by the United States, great opportunities for greater wealth. The country is wonderfully productive, and if rightly taken advantage of it may be made the medium for the floating of bonds and stocks, which "expansion" will make necessary, and the establishment of mammoth corporate concerns to absorb great profits from the natural products of the country and the industry of its people. The opening up of these islands to commercialism is not intended to offer opportunities to small industries and farming enterprise. There is no contemplation or intention of making the country a refuge and an opportunity for the poor man. It is simply to furnish opportunities to add wealth to wealth. There has

never been any consideration of the possibilities of the country for settlement, which shall furnish to every man who desires a portion of God's earth, which is his natural right, but which has been stolen from him by wealth and power, while he has been lulled to sleep by false arguments and promises. The commercial missionary who wants to educate the Philippine laborer into the same "advanced" and "high" condition of freedom and equality that the American working-man now occupies, is a startlingly philanthropic character. Even now American commercialism, represented by great trusts, is planning the capture of the former Spanish possessions, Cuba first, then Puerto Rico and the Philippines, for its own aggrandizement, by securing control, through fair means or foul, of all their franchises and products.

It was imperialism and commercialism, not duty, which impelled the United States government to wrest the Philippine Islands from Spain after she had sued for peace, and when we had not possession of even a small portion of one of them.

The political ownership of the Philippines will furnish opportunities for hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of political offices, which will increase the patronage and power of the government. The addition of territory and the consequent increase of the army and navy, will increase the political prestige of the nation among the nations of the world, and will satisfy the growing imperial spirit.

The increase of the army will tend to establish the party in power, and make it more dangerous for the people to attempt to throw off any sort of oppression, or to attempt any such political revolution as must come, and that soon, if true liberty is to be preserved. The argument of duty is simply a cloak to cover the animus of the "expansion" movement. Does anyone imagine for a moment that any sense of duty to civilization or to the Filipinos is impelling the United States government to the slaughter of that people to compel them to accept freedom and liberty as exemplified by a trust-ridden and money-ruled nation.

Already, when it seems as though the popular opposition to this unjust and wicked usurpation of the natural rights of man to be governed or to govern himself as he sees fit, has been largely stilled, the "duty" argument is, in a measure, being lost sight of, and well it might, in view of the most successful way in which we are at the present time carrying peace and liberty to the Filipinos.

The humorous, the political, and even the religious press, are pouring maledictions upon the heads of the "poor, ignorant, and savage" Filipinos, for having the temerity to oppose the government of the United States in taking possession of their islands and themselves, and governing them as it sees fit. They are also encouraging Uncle Sam to give the Filipinos a sound whipping to "teach them their place."

Is it a belief in the duty and the manifest destiny of the United States toward these islands and people, that calls forth these sentiments? Verily this is a Christian nation!

The argument of "duty" was an invention of political necessity, the necessity of politics managed not in the interest of the people, but to make the government a power to be felt in the world. This is an imperial policy. When it was seen that Spain was to lose all her colonial territory, there arose the necessity for a plausible excuse for the United States taking possession of so much of Spanish territory, and so far out of our way, although at the outset of the war it was distinctly declared that this was not to be a war of conquest.

All the nations of the old world were anxious that we, who thus far had governed ourselves simply, should enter upon imperialistic and colonial policies and practices, thus retreating from our foundation principles that all men are born free, and have the right to choose their own government. But the fears and suspicions of the people must first be quieted with some plausible arguments, which would seem to show that we were not inconsistent, and that there were no designs against the foundation principles of free government, before that could be safely done. Therefore, it became the duty of the United States to establish a government "in the place

of the one which we had destroyed in the Philippines." It became our duty to civilize and educate the Filipinos, for it was easily decided that they were too savage and heathenish to govern themselves, however much they might desire to try it. It also became our duty to establish peace among them, —and this we are doing with shot and shell.

Undoubtedly we shall be able to more thoroughly subject the Filipinos than Spain has been in the five hundred years of her rule.

The "duty" argument was taken up by press and platform, the religious press and the pulpit, and advocated with fervor. The duty and the manifest destiny of the United States to civilize and Christianize the Filipinos was insisted on everywhere. Thus far we have succeeded in impressing upon them the idea that we are going to civilize and Christianize them in the same manner that they have been civilized and Christianized in the last five hundred years. The slaughter of thousands of Filipinos gives good ground for this belief.

The "duty" argument has been received with so much favor, and so many converts to its theories have been made, that the public conscience has become dulled, so that it now looks with a measure of indifference upon the unholy war waged against this weak nation, struggling for its God-given right to govern itself, and fearing that a new oppressor is to take the place of Spain, whose power it had almost destroyed.

WILLIAM H. DAVIS.

Danbury, Conn.

TO THE PREACHER.

"Come unto me and rest"—there is no rest.

"And I will give you peace"—there is no peace.

Who speaks to calm the storm within my breast

With parrot phrase? Pray let your mocking cease.

Fools! Know ye not the soul will seek her own?

Speak ye the truth,—or let her seek alone.

HARRY DOUGLAS ROBINS.

WOMAN'S ECONOMIC STATUS IN THE SOUTH.

MY attention has been recently called to the subject of woman's relation to labor by the many magazine and book discussions bearing upon that theme. That economics should present a new problem in these better days — the problem of woman — is but another proof of the invasion of democratic ideas into every field of human science. Exemption on grounds of sex is a product of feudal conditions. With the general democratization of views following in the wake of scientific disclosures, no class nor caste can be excluded from adjudgment upon equal terms. If "the word of the modern is the word *en masse*," the corresponding implications invest every field of social endeavor. It has been the misfortune of woman, as, alas, it has been her chief pride, to be regarded from the emotional standpoint. But science is impartial and refuses to yield preferential sentiment.

It is, however, safe to say that most masculine verdicts upon this theme are even yet biased by tradition, — and this is true even of those which claim to be scientific. The world-mind has not fully sensed the implications of the view that woman is an end in herself. The justification of this statement can be obtained from many recent articles wherein the part of woman in the economic field is denoted by the male scientist of our own country to be purely that of consumer. From European sociologists we have undisguised pleas for woman's economic exemption on the ground of biologic claims, — not, unfortunately, substantiated by comparative biology, — and for the sake of the greater grace and beauty supposed to be the resultant of such immunity. Of course, if women are not to support themselves, a state of society is presumed wherein every woman is the beneficiary of some man's exertions. Unfortunately, statistics do not bear out the assumption, for a large number of women are discovered to be without this male support, whence the foregoing objec-

tions become necessarily secondary. That it is an ancient fallacy that mental and physical development are incompatible, is proved by our present race ideal in favor of universal education; and further, as it is suggested by a wise and scientific philosopher, the temper of an increased race discrimination is now making rather for intellectual and moral beauty, and the consequent phylogenic advance.

Recently, however, we have a word from the disputed ranks upon the question, a masterly book reviewing the case and most convincingly supporting its arguments by appeals to biology and psychology.* The explanation of the phenomenon of female economic dependence, is found to be an "excessive sex-distinction," which has been bred by the desire of men to subjugate women to their interests, and a willingness so to be subjected on the part of women. The results of such a status appear in a comparative atrophy of the feminine faculties, a limitation of their information, ideas, and power of judgment. The almost complete extrusion of one-half the species from the field of production, is indeed an anomalous condition. It not only deprives the world of the contribution of female endeavor, but is inimical to race development, since the stern decree of heredity transmits with retarding result the "perpetual infancy" state of the maternal mind. The inherited prejudice against economic equality, of course finds its explanation in the supposed menace to the "sacredness of the home," which may be imperiled by equal service of both man and woman. That such might conversely tend to relegate the present incentive to sordid marriages, and conduce to more genuine, because less forced unions, and that a real share in the world's activities is a human as well as a masculine need, is the next great lesson to be learned for the benefit of social advance.

Yet, practically, there is in certain communities of our great commonwealth a marked movement in favor of the woman worker. So far, this movement manifests itself almost entirely in the north, where the advantages of greater

* "Woman and Economics," Charlotte Perkins Stetson; Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1898.

wealth, mixed racial characteristics, and, above all, perhaps, the more practical temperament, have permitted its inception. The ice now broken, however, is rapidly assuming the aspect of an expanding current of woman's labor, and many occupations formerly closed to her are being swept into the stream. The day is near at hand when this descending flood must reach the southern states, bearing all its freightage of increasing prerogatives for the female worker, and her recognition as a contributor to national advancement.

At present the obstructions to any free play or just estimate of female services are enormous. The southern woman, with greater necessity for earning her own living, owing to the relative poverty of the south, is confronted by proportionately greater difficulties. In the first place, the south, as the most homogeneous portion of the country, is naturally the most conservative. The east lies open to the world, and its large cities are centers for every industry. Forty per cent. of its populace are foreign born; a still larger number are of foreign parentage. This motley assemblage of nationalities jostle customs as they do elbows, and stimulate to changed methods of living, if they do not introduce them. The law of invention is established from this flux and fusion of mixed interests and qualities. The west is recruited mainly from the east, and being a new land with boundless vistas of nature and of venture, and impressed with the simplicity of a pioneer freedom, is also adaptable, spontaneous, and liberal. But the south is not yet open to these broader views. It has practically no foreign intrusion of blood, and old habits and modes of thinking are firmly rooted in the general mind. It is still not fully established in the new course incident upon so vital a change in its institutions as that caused by the abolition of slaves. The mists of the old south even now hang over the land, and former ideals insensibly influence the decrees of present conventions. The law of imitation is the natural issue here, the result of homogeneity and isolation.

Furthermore, the blood of the south has still the strain of the cavalier, and the prevailing and temperamental impulse of

his latter-day descendant is the æsthetic impulse. Beauty and charm, and an aroma of romance are actually primary needs of living. The genius of the south is that of the social; but social in this æsthetic sense,—if you will in the feudal,—and not at all in the sociologic sense. The inherited emotionalism of which I have above spoken, is the unescapable resultant of such influence, and has laid a restraining hand upon every attempt at the emancipation of women in the respects in which we are considering them.

The main direction which this sentiment takes, is found in the prevailing view that a woman shall marry as soon as she reaches the age of indiscretion. I say this advisedly, for the marriages thus contracted, are frequently unpremeditated unions built merely upon surface attractions. Such marriages are in the highest sense unphysiologic, making no account of the claims of the genus, and indeed often conducive to no real happiness in the case of the individuals. But they will always occur, so long as social custom applauds matronhood at any cost, both as a seal of social dignity, and as a measure of financial success. I cannot forbear quoting here the laconic rejoinder made by a girl of the lower classes with whom I was remonstrating for her choice of an openly degraded companion: "It's a livin'," she said. Of course the "sacred duties of wife and mother" are alleged as all-sufficing claims to the woman, and ample compensation for the absence of a more personal development. There is no recognition as yet, that if there be a biologic imperative which must needs use woman as its agent in the continuation of the species, there is also a psychologic imperative that makes for legitimate self-fulfilment in increased personality and individuality. Ibsen's dictum that "Motherhood is a profession, while fatherhood is an incident," is, in its first half at least, fully realized in the south. The mothers of our section are prone to live entirely in the lives of their children, giving themselves over to the domestic life, and glorifying in their subordination of self. But, as has been elsewhere suggested, exclusive association with children and servants is not

the most stimulating companionship for mental growth. It does not occur to the devoted mother, that outside the hereditary transmission of undeveloped mind, there is equal danger in an arid, spiritual atmosphere of training, which environs their dawning faculties.

The natural corollary of the marriage-recipe for economically helpless young women is apparent in the southern view of education. As the art of the south is the social art, with its old-time grace and beauty, so its education — for women — aims mainly at social purposes, and has small view to practical application in independent directions. The majority of our girls are instructed in a purely objective way. They study at high school, or academy, such things as will befit their positions as young ladies whose business is to be charming, and whose destiny is marriage. If they are to be clerks or stenographers, they will have even less need of French or history, and, accordingly, they busy themselves with only the requisite preparation for such work. A realizing sense of education as something to enrich the life, to draw out character, to be loved for its own sake, and to generate individual expression of talent and ability, has not yet come to the southern mind. The southern man is largely to blame for this making of education a conventional routine of instruction in the accepted "branches." He dreads great acquisition of learning on the part of his woman-kind. "Strong-mindedness," the imagined resultant, is his especial horror. He is deeply imbued with the belief that physical and mental development are opposed, and as his æsthetic temperament craves charm and grace above all, he selects these to the exclusion of intellectual endowments. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that socially the reputation for intellectuality is a great disadvantage, and that as the southern ideal is a social success, many women of fair power purposely disclaim their cultivation, hiding it away as something rather to be apologized for than glorified in. But it need take only a moment's reflection to show that ignorance does not, cannot, insure charm, and that where it chances to be accompanied by a

naïve winsomeness, that attraction is yet an evanescent possession for the service of an entire life.

But to the main consideration,— that is, the effect, of these views of education economically considered. Well, the effect is just what we should have expected,— the violent divorce of feminine capacities in all departments of production. Here in this region of fair physical inheritance, a rich and decorative landscape, and with the temperament so well to depict it, we have yet no rising school of artists offering to the world this peculiar contribution of beauty. It is also worthy of remark that the writer had to go north to find an artist who had turned his power entirely to the limning of negro life; and while he did it well, he necessarily exhibited an unavoidable sameness of subject. His dearly-bought models were posed over and over again in situations wrought from the artist's imagination. But living as we do in the southern states in the midst of all the distinctive features of negro inhabitation, the peculiarly picturesque entourage of a primitive race, no notion is ever entertained of the place in art which this all too evanescent uniqueness might play.

It is true that the art expression of southern civilization might come just as acceptably from masculine hands. I am considering it here as a field for feminine production, an opportunity for self-expression amply appropriate to her predisposition and taste. This is but one of the creative fields where woman's soul and hand would yield an especial contribution, were it not the primary rubric of her man-made creed that the domestic and social life shall absorb all her aspirations and energies.

The woman teacher, it may be said, is an economic factor that cannot be disputed in point of fair play and equal grounds of approved labor. But here again the effects of the present code and conditions are radically manifest. In the first place, the teacher is, for the most part, bred by that same system of education which she afterward enters professionally. Her part is naturally to teach as she has been taught. This is in the purely static way of instructing from the text-books

as they are put into her hands, — very faithfully, it is true, but as a rule, without any conception of the larger implications of this most real science of life. The southern woman's vocation is incidental; the end is marriage. Should it not rather be that the profession, the activity of the adult human being, prove the aim, and marriage the incident,— an incident of increasing worth, as previous self-expression brings better power of choice? But this, of course, cannot be, until marriage has evolved beyond the implication of being a means of support for women. Where, indeed, we do find the teacher imbued with the scientific spirit of the times, and anxious to gain as well as to give in her profession by a square assertion of progressive truth, the whole body traditional rises up to silence her. Avowal of stimulating radical thought, the attempt to make her pupils think, is impossible, as yet, to the instructor. She would jeopardize her position, her social prestige, her very friends, by such course. A case in point is the experience of a brilliant and liberal young woman whose pronounced individuality and mental independence, while not aggressive, were yet sufficiently marked to excite comment. Upon her election to a position in the public schools, she was approached by the superintendent with these words of warning: "You understand that you are to propagate no individual ideas. You are simply to follow what is laid down, and carry out the instructions given to you. You are not expected to introduce your individuality into your work; — your place is simply to instruct according to the given course of study." Not only in this *ex officio* manner is the ban put upon liberated thought. The writer has more than one time personally witnessed the amusing features of this conservatism that is so instinctive, one might almost say environmental, since it speaks from the lips of the intellectual leaders in both church and state. An eminent Episcopal bishop recently expressed himself as thoroughly disapproving of women reading Herbert Spencer! This distinctive leniency toward the female mind was not flattering, to say the least. It seems scarcely credible that

Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable" should assume the frightful guise of a cheerless agnosticism to one who must often have proclaimed from the lectern the ancient Hebrew words "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Again, that more secular mode of instruction, recently introduced into the south, the lecture-platform system, is also gently approached. The lecturers are selected with becoming reference to the harmlessness of their contributions. I must be pardoned for another personal allusion, since the cases which have come under my own experience offer such salient illumination of this particular phase. Not long since, as a director in a local lecture-board selecting a winter course of public instruction to a membership of six hundred persons, I innocently made a suggestion in favor of a notable sociologist, a woman who has gained distinguished recognition both in this country and abroad. As her message would have been thoroughly vital, certainly impersonal, and at once scientific and practical, I was almost sure that by an intelligent board, composed chiefly of men, the suggestion would be eagerly seized and acted upon. But a general opposition at once dealt death to the bare idea, on the ground that plain speaking upon social subjects, be it ever so impersonal, would be offensive to the audience and highly inappropriate besides. Said a leading lawyer on the board, succinctly, "We don't want any scientific women in this course. We'd better stick to music and literature." It is no exaggeration to say that the firmest stronghold of feudality is to be met with in this matter of public instruction. Its tyranny is more blasting than that of theological creeds. Democracy will conquer as its last opponent, this spirit of dogma in our southern education.

Perhaps the leading motive that makes for conservatism and an admired inconspicuousness in woman, even to the extent of restricting her free expression after she has become a worker, is the remnant of the old south chivalry that even now is abroad in the land. It displays itself in the deprecatory air assumed toward the working woman. It is recognized as a necessity that some women must support themselves,

but at the same time it is considered a cause for regret. If a woman must work, let her do it patiently, but above all, quietly, for at best it is a covert discredit to the male relatives who feel it their duty, as indeed in most cases it is their pleasure, to support her, and who in their failure to do so, from even the best of cause, assume an apologetic air of suffrance. If the young breadwinner is at all charming, some man not a relation speedily rescues her from this undesirable life of toil; if she be not attractive her economic value in the marriage field is lessened, and she must continue to labor. Here again this false attitude of sentimentality gives rise to several morbid results. Since the old feudal stigma upon the woman worker has never been effaced, an ingenious species of social forfeit, too subtle to be frankly met and challenged, is apparent. There is a covert apology for the professional woman, a kindly-intentioned explaining away of her labor from the mouth of her friends. A striking proof of this is the gratuitous remark so often heard, that the woman who works is deserving of just as much respect as the one who does not. Think of such a saying applied to a man! An atmosphere whose elements are pity and social palliation, and the sympathy accorded to the unfortunate is not a healthful one to breathe, and must effect to their immanent disadvantage those within its area. To know that this is true we have only to observe the attitude of the woman worker herself in the south, — an attitude naturally resulting from the specifications above given. With very few exceptions, women work because they must. Financial necessity is their motive; employment a necessary evil of straightened circumstances. Good work is done by them in their several capacities, but it is not, cannot be, so good as the labor that results from voluntary effort. As long as women work only because they must, and while smarting secretly under a supposed indignity, or at least misfortune, they have not really entered the field of production. Only when their contribution is spontaneous, the fruit of joyous activity and the expression of individuality in whatever direction, and equally

only when it is made tributary to the great world-progress, will woman really have become a producer.

My personal feeling is that the first step toward reform must come from women themselves. They have all along been so much more the intellectually passive sex, that it is but natural they should have accepted the standards into which they were born. The dominance of the social spirit has given them that ideal to follow, and it has bred a specific refinement and graciousness of manner that is typical of the southern woman. Having perfected herself in the social art, however, might it not be only an additional acquisition to labor in "the conscious discipline of personality," which is best forwarded by voluntary congenial employment? With the systematic attempt of women to make themselves independent by following those professions where natural inclination will be furthered, instead of the present unloved and merely expedient choices, will be bred an earnestness that shall increase capacity for genuine self-expression. And another result will be an increased recompense for labor. If women work because they like it, marriage will not necessarily mean a cessation of employment. Therefore, even under the régime of male dominance, capable working women will receive increased compensation for their skill. There is small incentive to raise salaries now, even among the deserving. This fact was strikingly brought to notice in a remark made me by a business man, in reference to his stenographer. She was paid twenty-five dollars a month, and being really expert was worth more, he felt. "We would raise her salary to thirty dollars at once," he said, "but that she is an attractive young woman and is bound to marry. We can't count upon her services after that, and as she will work for the present amount, we have no incentive to increase her pay." In other words, if women wish their services to receive proper valuation, it must not appear that those services are incidental. That which renders the more valuable a man's exertion, the responsibility of family claims, completely destroys the worth of a woman's work. Here again the

marriage-recipe law not only often conduces to sordid marriages, as an escape from undesired employment, but also prevents due recognition of merit during employment. The "sexuo-economic" status is indeed a deplorable social anomaly; and not the least of its outlying injustices is that meted out to the not inconsiderable class of women who are permanently self-supporting. For the latter, during their marriageable years, are also under the suspicion of such probable escape, and so their most active period of service is denied deservedly ampler compensation.

Owing to these conditions the majority of southern women belong to the sedentary class, and those who do labor are chiefly static and temporary. We have of course no labor problem to deal with as yet. There exists everywhere the peace born of stagnation. Visiting recently a large woolen-mill, employing seven hundred laborers, whose hours are eleven and a half daily, I asked if there had ever been any strikes. No, no strikes in the history of the organization. The reason was plain to see. These seven hundred employes were, with few exceptions, women! True, there were some children of both sexes, not younger, avowedly, than twelve years, and a few men for certain duties preëminently requiring a man's vigor. Most of the laborers were piece workers, —their wages ranged anywhere from sixty cents to a dollar and a quarter a day,—mainly young women from eighteen to twenty-five years; there were married ones among the number, as well as young widows supporting their families. Surely if biology sustains the ground of women's segregation to the maternal functions, and for that reason the social conviction deprecates female labor, this large class of women have been overlooked in the roll-call of leisure. Can it be that their uninfluential economic status has aught to do with relegating the biological issue? The south is full of woman factory labor, than which there is nothing more wearing physically. Many of these women do not see their children the whole year round, from lamplight to lamplight, leaving in the early dawn, to return after evening has set in. It is this same

class who have less leisure when they are at home, for there are many duties still remaining to be fulfilled. Could the exertions incident upon a seat in congress be as arduous as those daily performed by the toiling class of women—the class which, it may be remarked, is conceded to bear more children than any other?

Outside the actual fact, however, which is, that the leisure of women is not proportionate to the maternal claims, there is no intention on the part of those advocating economic equality to disregard the peculiar biologic requirements of the female. The labor question and the woman question are admittedly the questions of the hour. A recognition of the two as integrally identical will simplify the problem of social betterment, since their fusion must remove a barrier purely arbitrary and obstructive. The route taken by a concerted rational telesis will be the further refinement of the process of division of labor. Since it is this system of division which marks the relative advance of any community, its more scientific and improved adjustment will take account of women in the productive capacity, and regulate employment in accordance with her needs. It is not rash to prophesy that the brutalities of the present laborious, even clerical, occupations in which today so many women are engaged will have soon to disappear before a less benighted régime. No social phase is well regulated unless account has been taken of all the component and conditioning elements. So the biological skeleton-in-the-closet will one day be laid at rest, when the social consciousness has grown to see that the limitations of the female organism must be consulted, but that such primary consideration does not need to mean the violent denial to woman of the exercise of the creative activities. The dawning vista of a coöperative industrial system, with the accessories of still superior industrial appliances, and a more specialized division of labor, prepared to meet the exigencies of sex while employing both male and female on terms of economic equality, is the grand promise of a really integrated "social organism." Until these things have come to pass, we cannot

look upon the parts of that organism as functioning together for the single welfare of the body social. The social organism hypothesis remains yet to be verified, and its verification rests with the accomplishments of a rational evolution.

One other great consideration presses for expression in this connection—a consideration inclusive of not only the southern woman worker, but of this question of economics everywhere. It is the consideration of civic equality. The only honorable and potentially equal basis for woman's equality is the suffrage. It would seem that this old and long ridiculed contention must have been seriously considered and acted upon before this time. Yet the history of institutions is always the same, their outworn fabrics succumbing to new material only after years of tottering menace to the social weal. The existence of the vote power as an unsexed institution will be the corrective of many of the present pathological symptoms. In the first place, it will be the immediate and eternal removal of woman from the static into the dynamic category of mind and action. It will be her cachet of independence, the seal of law and protection from the state, as baptism is the seal of the church upon the forehead of the sleeping babe. As soon as women are citizens instead of merely residents, their influence will be sought, and instead of being passive recipients of employment in underground service, they will be able to rise to place, to make exactions in the open market, even to unite for practical self-protection and coöperation. Anomalous and sporadic exertions are ever but poorly countenanced. The first practical effect of the conference of the ballot will be to remove the present discredit of smaller salary for equal services. Here comes to mind the case of young women who daily enter government service in Washington, with the ordinary clerical pay. Most of them labor there for years, unknown, however brilliant they may be in faculty, and with but very slight, if any, increase of salary. A young man entering under the same auspices would naturally be drawn into the current of affairs, and if possessed of marked ability, would soon come to hold

some influence, so that after a time he could command his situation instead of its commanding him. Though he might always remain in clerical life, outside interests, influence, and responsibility would act as alleviators of a mechanical drudgery. The woman, on the contrary, becomes every year more and more a machine without present professional interest as without future hope. Outside the sociologic aspect of the case, it is indeed an ingenious system of psychic starvation,—one worthy to rank with the fashion of compression of the feet of Chinese ladies.

It is, of course, plain that the legal admission of woman into the ranks of producers will not at once right the evils of the present economic slavery. Just here the age-long dichotomy of the sexes into supporting and supported is going to make itself felt disadvantageously to women. The retarding effects of past female passivity must surely tell against her at the beginning of an active struggle. Disuse of executive and productive faculties has brought about an unavoidable atrophy. But this does not mean an interior lack, notwithstanding the solemn announcement of speculative male scientists, who derive from experiments along biological lines the conclusion that woman can never be an inventor! Fortunately the assertion has not yet been verified. The sure trend of social evolution makes for the opportunity of trial, at least; and its conviction is similarly in favor of the view that the economic liberation of woman will result in a distinctively new creative contribution. We cannot predict the directions or type of a coming feminine production, but it will surely be valuable as embodying rare and thus far unknown qualities.

The broad underlying bases of woman's economic equality are, then, a more scientific division of labor, taking account of physiologic considerations; and the power to vote, guaranteeing free scope for personal preferment and enabling independent demands. These two issues must be met everywhere where active sociologic efforts touch the questions of woman's relation to labor. Returning to my special theme —

the discussion of the problem in the south — the light which I have endeavored to reflect may be summed up in the following: Whereas in the northern states, owing to their quicker industrial pulse, their mixed populace, and their closer commercial and mental associations with the world at large, there is already a broader thought regarding the economic status of woman and a larger freedom for her activity,— we have not yet begun in the south to regard the question from the impartial standpoint of social progress. The homogeneity of the section, aptly termed "the solid south," makes for conservatism, for there is almost no foreign element nor intercourse with other and different customs tending to enlarge perception. Again, the abolition of slave-holding, had it come about interiorly, as a product of evolution, would have carried with it altered conditions of thought regarding all the relations of life. Since it was not an autochthonous conviction but a violently forced revolution, the south now prevents the spectacle of changed institutions directed by ideals which are unchanged — the heritage of the former spirit of romance and chivalry. This mood naturally relates itself to anything regarding woman, and we find accordingly the sentimental sex-attitude everywhere prevalent, discouraging any progressive movement of woman and forever advocating the domestic standard as an all-absorbing and sufficient profession. The woman worker in the south is an object of sympathy if purely static; of aversion if dynamic and independent. A social deprecation marks female entrance into vocations, viewing the matter as a sad necessity rather than a spiritual opportunity; and it is natural that women fall in line under the false standard, working rather as artisans than artists. There is finally an entire absence of the impersonal scientific examination of social data, no integrated public consciousness of the vast unworked fields which under such view might enrich the south both materially and morally. The woman of the south, with her richly gifted temperament, artistic and imaginative, might especially forward the social evolution in this distinctive area of the Union, once the tide

of popular favor should coöperate with her, if only to the degree of approval of her exertions. Without this not inconsiderable factor, it is difficult to advance. The abject sex is not yet strong enough to overpower the bulwarks of "social control." Nevertheless, it is my belief that the southern women will have to lead the movement toward broader and less personal views,—in short, work out her own economic salvation by the exercise of tact, combined with steady independence of position. Equal suffrage and a more specialized division of labor are world problems, and will ultimately arrive to the great liberation of women everywhere. Meantime, it remains for the women of the south to prove that independent self-expressive vocations, and an honest desire therefor, will in no wise interfere with, nor abrogate the domestic claims. The art social will not be superseded, because of an understanding of social science,—the sociologic factors which alone are the rock foundation of social progress.

LAURA STERRETTE McADOO.

Chicago.

A UNIVERSAL LAW

The Thought that gave the worlds their form,
And stirs in all their content wide,
Has place and power in him alone
Who loves his race—with pierced side.

Each atom wounded is for all,
Some portion of its primal strength
It yielding gives, to mix aright
Within the world's alembic length.

BARTON O. AYLESWORTH.

HOW SILVER MAY BE RESTORED.

We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver, without discriminating against either metal or charge for mintage; but the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals, and equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts.—*National Democratic Platform of 1892.*

The American people from tradition and interest favor bimetallism, and the republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, without restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal.—*National Republican Platform of 1892.*

The money of the country should consist of gold, silver, and paper, and be issued by the general government only, and be of sufficient quantity to meet the demands of business and give full opportunity for the employment of labor.—*National Prohibition Platform of 1892.*

We demand free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.—*National Peoples' Party Platform of 1892.*

THE foregoing are literal extracts from the national platforms of every political party existing in the United States in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two. An overwhelming majority of the citizens of these states were then, and still are, loyal members of one or the other of the two great parties of the nation, extracts from the platforms of which are quoted above. Each of the platforms of these parties contained in substance as plainly as possible to express, a solemn pledge to those whose suffrages they sought:—

First: That if clothed with power to accomplish it, the party making the pledge would see that thereafter gold and silver should constitute the standard money of this country; and

Second: That either through international agreement, or

by such safeguards of legislation as should become necessary for that purpose, the parity of the metals when coined should be maintained.

Each of the platforms of the remaining parties declared unequivocally in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, but omitted the pledge of parity contained in the platforms of the greater parties.

Long before these platforms were adopted, silver, without the knowledge of substantially the entire mass of the American public,—without the knowledge even of great numbers of those who were in Congress responsible for the passage of the act by which it was accomplished,—had been demonetized, and the gold dollar had been declared by law to be our single unit of value.

In these declarations of the four political parties that then represented practically the American people, is found unanimous dissent to a single standard of either metal, and without exception, a unanimous demand that silver should upon some terms be restored to its original position in the financial system of the country. In four short years all this was changed.

By whom, and how?

History has already recorded the crime by which a nation's wish was thwarted, and fixed the responsibility where it belongs. Partisan prejudice may hide it temporarily from partisan eyes. The hope of partisan success may lure honorable men to its defense, but the naked truth of impartial history will repeat until the end of time, that in the world's greatest republic, between the years of 1892 and 1896, money, and money alone, stood between a free people and the accomplishment of the most important, the most vital, of all reforms. Must it also be said that the same influence has caused the two great parties to reverse every pledge they had made, and bound the people perpetually to a money standard they had openly and unanimously denounced but four short years before?

I pray not.

Why are reflections like these justified? Recall, if you please, the panic of 1893, with all its succeeding years of business depression, and count the wrecks of fortunes, the ruined business enterprises, scattered through every one of its weary months. Who produced it? Was a single toiler in all the country, wherever found, on land or sea, in shop, or field, or mine, responsible in the slightest degree for the whirlwind of misfortune that swept the land these years, and froze to ice the very channels of trade and business of every kind?

Not one; *no, not one.*

Who then? One class, and one alone — the men who deal in dollars. The men who would double their own fortunes by cutting in twain the fortunes of all beside. The men who would make money dear by limiting its quantity, and every other form of property and every kind of human labor cheap when measured by the dollars they would have.

How did they feed and fatten the panic as it grew?

Let the records of the national treasury answer first. Day in and out, in the darkest hours of these dismal years, a steady stream of United States Treasury notes were tendered at its counters for redemption; redemption with gold, and gold alone, until its coffers were emptied of that precious metal, and the government was driven to bond its credit to borrow back the gold it had just paid out, and when it had re-issued the notes it had just redeemed, they were gathered up again and returned to the treasury for another redemption with the gold just borrowed, until its vaults were drained once more, to be again replenished with borrowed gold and drained again, until two hundred and sixty-two millions of dollars in the nation's outstanding promises to pay, with interest to be added, represent the final achievements of the men who planned and executed this gigantic raid upon the nation's credit.

Who were they? again I ask.

Think you, my reader, that in all the nation one man can be found outside of those who deal in money, who aim to control its volume and fix its value, that were engaged in

these cruel onslaughts upon their country's credit? If yea, point him out who can.

And why, let me ask, did the men who deal in money organize and conduct these raids upon the national treasury?

The answer is plain. They had read the platforms of every political party in the nation. They knew that to keep the pledge of either was to restore silver to its rightful position of standard money in the financial system of the nation. They knew that this would double the volume of real or redemption money, provide an ample reserve for outstanding United States Treasury notes, and, in obedience to nature's law of supply and demand, diminish the purchasing power of all money, and correspondingly increase the market price of everything it measures. They hoped the consequences of the panic would be sufficiently disastrous to drive one or the other of the great parties away from the pledge it had made, and make it their ally in a contest they planned, to drive the greenback and treasury note from the circulating medium of the country, and fill their places with paper promises to pay. Which party should take the bribe they were ready to give was a matter of indifference to them. The tremendous power of the influence they could wield, as they believed, would secure to either the political spoils of the nation, and save to them, that which, in their eyes, was dearer than politics and honor combined, the dollar that would cost the toil of the millions the most to obtain, and in their hands possess the largest possible purchasing power. How well they planned is already a matter of recorded history.

But for fear that some may believe panics come of their own accord, and without any particular blame in this case to one class more than another, let us pursue its history a little farther.

Go to the business man who found himself compelled to appeal to a bank for a loan of money. There was not one in all the country, that did not have locked up in its vaults during each of the years of its continuance, a sum of idle money largely in excess of the amount it was in the habit of carry-

ing in normal times, and yet many, if not all of these, absolutely refused to loan a dollar, no matter what kind of security was proffered.

It is not necessary to say that all banks, or that banks alone, were engaged in this conspiracy to defeat the remonetization of silver as standard money, for such is not the truth; but the man who is unable to trace a direct connection between that panic and the unanimous declarations of the several platforms of the various political parties, and locate its origin and purpose in the great money centers of the country, is too blind to be safely entrusted with the privileges and responsibilities of the ballot.

I must be pardoned, however, for the expression of some disapproval of the action of my own party in 1896.

From the dawn of political parties in the nation, it had arrogated to itself the credit of being the loyal defender of a sound currency. In its latest public declaration on that subject, it had embodied a formal pledge of loyalty, not only to the fundamental principles of bimetallism, but an equally solemn one that it would, if successful, maintain the parity of the metals when coined.

When in its Chicago platform it declared in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a fixed ratio with gold, without the slightest pledge or assurance that parity between the coins should be maintained, it departed materially and dangerously as it has proved, from the strict letter of all its promises theretofore made, and from all prior teachings of the most able and trusted of its leaders. It has always seemed to many people that the declaration upon that subject was the result of excitement, for which I am willing to concede there was much excuse in conditions that preceded it. Be that as it may, it is now to my mind an established fact that a majority of the people of this nation do not, and never will, endorse the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the fixed and unalterable ratio of sixteen to one with gold, or at any other ratio that is glaringly wide of the commercial ratio. This is not only established by the vote of 1896, but it has

been even more plainly emphasized in every election since held. It seems plain, therefore, that continued adherence to that particular ratio means certain defeat, and final sacrifice of the great principle for which all parties have so long contended, a principle to which the great mass of the democratic party, and thousands upon thousands of the republican party, and of the people's party, thank God, are as loyally devoted today as ever before.

From the day of the adoption of the Chicago platform the friends of bimetalism have been on the defensive. They have been confronted by one stubborn fact that they could not deny. In the great markets of the world, the owner of gold sufficient to make a gold dollar has been able to exchange it for silver enough to make nearly or quite two silver dollars. When coined, each of these silver dollars would be of the precise legal value as money, that the single gold dollar would possess, had it been coined, instead of exchanging the bullion required to make it, for silver sufficient to make the two.

Stating this undeniable truth in this way, our enemies have been able to ask, would any man carry his gold to the mints and have it coined into gold dollars, when he could exchange it in the world's markets for silver enough to make twice as many silver dollars as he could obtain by having his gold coined? And this question is followed by another equally difficult to answer; viz., Would any man possessed of gold coin use it as a circulating medium, if by exchanging it for silver bullion he could double his number of dollars in coins, the legal value of each of which will be precisely equal to the legal value of a dollar in gold?

I know most able and conscientious men have answered these questions by saying the demonetization of silver has depressed its market price and enhanced the purchasing power of gold; that its remonetization will increase its market price and decrease the purchasing power of gold, until the two meet at the ratio so long maintained in the financial systems of most of the nations of the world.

If demonetization by our government alone had caused the

decline in the market price of silver, or if remonetization by all the nations that joined with us in striking it down could be obtained, the answer would be reasonably sufficient. But neither of these hypotheses is true. It was not our act alone that depressed the price of silver; and other nations that helped accomplish this will not now join with us to restore it as standard money. It is impossible, therefore, to prove that remonetization by this nation alone would restore silver to its original market value the world over; and on this point the argument is not only against us, but what is more important, the deliberate judgment of a majority of the American people, repeatedly expressed at the polls, is also against us.

What is to be done? To me, the path of duty and the path of political wisdom are one and the same. Go back to the pledge of 1892. Repeat it in words that no man can misunderstand that no official who approves it before election will ever dare to disregard.

Insist upon the absolute equality of the money metals before the law. Point out, as far as practicable, the means by which parity of the same is to be maintained. Let no man shout in our faces again that we propose a dishonest dollar. Snatch from their lips the argument they have used to overcome us, and turn it against their own breastworks. Tender them a one-hundred-cent dollar, and denounce the dollar they would make worth twice as many cents. Go to the producers of wealth, the toilers of the land, and tell them the plain truth, that it is the friends of silver that propose an honest dollar by restoring to our coinage *both* the dollars of the constitution—the dollars of their fathers—so guarded by law that each, at all times and under all circumstances, shall be the exact equal of the other. Brand the single standard dollar of gold, with its pinched and shrunken volume, as it deserves, a device of avarice inspired by greed to enslave the poor for the benefit of the rich.

If men ask how parity of the metals is to be maintained under present conditions in the world's markets, tell them it can certainly be done by making every dollar in coin or paper,

heretofore or hereafter issued by the government, whether in or out of the treasury, unlimited and unqualified legal tender, *redeemable on demand in gold or silver bullion, at market price in the wide world's markets, or in coin of each of the money metals in equal parts, if coin is preferred*; the currency so redeemed to be reissued as the needs of the treasury require; making it the duty also of the Treasurer to purchase from day to day, in the open market, a quantity of bullion equal to that paid out for redemption purposes.

If they ask how the bullion for such a purpose is to be obtained, tell them what is true, that in the treasury of the United States today there is a quantity of absolutely idle gold and silver that has been hoarded there for years, vastly more than sufficient to provide for a permanent reserve for the redemption of every dollar of existing national currency, coin and paper alike—a reserve that can, without expense to the government, be set aside for the redemption of this currency, and never become depleted, if the Treasurer will buy and cover into the Treasury each day the exact amount withdrawn from such reserve. All future issues of national currency, coin and paper alike, may be provided for by simply exchanging it for all the bullion of either metal offered at the treasury at market price, the currency so paid out for bullion being redeemable on demand in bullion of either metal at like price on the day of redemption, the same to be reissued to meet the needs of the treasury.

Under such a system, the result would be that behind every dollar of currency so issued there would be stored in the treasury its full face value in bullion, at market price of one or the other of the money metals, a reserve that could not be depleted; for, as fast as withdrawn, the currency redeemed would purchase, in any of the world's markets, the precise quantity required for its redemption, and it would also follow that whenever the necessities of the government required more money than its treasury contained, it would have an ample reserve that would justify an increase of its treasury notes to at least four times the market value of all bullion received in exchange for currency so issued.

Others may be able to suggest a still better way for maintaining the parity of the metals and the equal value of all currency ; but this I know is one way it can be done without expense to the government, or injury to a human being.

I realize, however, that no human power can make a silver dollar so sound that the money-changers of this or any other country will consent to have it take its place upon terms of exact equality with gold. It is far from being the quality of the currency that disturbs their sensitive nerves : to them the quantity is of vastly greater importance. Limit the volume of standard money to the circumference of the money-mongers' desires, and if made of chaff it would be satisfactory to them. Today they are clamoring for an "elastic" currency. Elastic, that is, in their hands — to be contracted and expanded to meet their interests, to satisfy their greed ; but rigid as a rock in the hands of the masses.

Is this nation asleep ? Are party ties so strong that its very heart strings must be torn asunder and its life blood drained from its veins, before it can realize what is being done ? I will not believe it.

Friends of silver, you can win this fight if you will. You can win it on any platform that, carried into effect, would be absolutely certain to secure to the people of this nation, in theory and practice alike, the equal, concurrent, and unlimited use of both gold and silver as standard, or redemption money. If you hope to win your cause, you cannot tie it to a ratio that more than one-half the people of this nation believe would result in the total exclusion of gold from our financial system.

Will you abandon a shadow, and fight for the substance of this great issue ? You, and you alone, must answer.

HORACE BOIES.

Waterloo, Iowa.

MUNICIPAL EXPANSION.

IT seems to me that the promise of municipal expansion just now is in the direction of common ownership of public utilities, and of home rule. Even the most superficial thinkers freely admit that "something is wrong." In all our cities too many men, and women too, are "up against" a stone wall; they have reached a point where they can go no further. Their labor, which is the only thing they have to sell, is a drug on the market, which none will buy. They must buy the necessities of life from a monopolized market. As they cannot sell their labor, and their chattels are in the possession of the pawnbroker and the mortgage-loan shark, they are face to face with the fact that their liberty is a mockery; it is not even the liberty to beg, for that is a crime; it is only liberty to exist on a crust, if it can be found, and to live the life of a dog.

Municipal ownership will gradually give these disinherited millions a larger share in the commonwealth. The shorter work-day that is generally observed by the municipalities will divide the work among a larger number of persons; the referendum and home rule will lead people, now indifferent to the suffrage, to see that they actually do have a share in making the government that rules them. More than one-quarter of all the voters in this city (over seven thousand) failed to register last fall, thus voluntarily disfranchising themselves. Why? Because the "sacred right of franchise" is sacred only in name. Men are coming to realize that the right to work is more sacred than the right to vote, is indeed anterior to every other right.

Municipal ownership will lead to public ownership of all public utilities, and public ownership will lead to common ownership, which in turn will lead us to see our common origin and our common right to the natural resources of the earth. In short, municipal ownership and home rule will lead us to see

that private ownership of public utilities is a house divided against itself; that that city is not truly rich that has a single pauper within its limits. It will teach us that we can only be truly patriotic when we study the welfare of all. It will teach us that if there is a single man within the limits of our city, denied the right to work and to enjoy the fruit of his toil in bringing out the best manhood and citizenship that is in him, every man and woman who is enjoying reasonable comfort is morally guilty of the injustice done to the man denied the right to work. It will teach the meaning of the word OUR; and not until we fully comprehend that our country, our state, our city, includes *every* soul within those political boundaries, can we properly appreciate *our* responsibility. If we are truly patriotic and love these "OURS" that I have mentioned, we will never be content until the most unfortunate babe within their limits shall have an equal chance to bring out the best possibilities of its nature, with the babe born in the most favored spot of this fair land of ours.

The people believe in this kind of doctrine; it is the doctrine of *Fair Play*. Municipal ownership and home rule lie in the direction of fair play, and in this direction we are making progress. In this way the people will regain their lost liberties.

S. M. JONES.

Toledo, Ohio.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

All hail! majestic form, thy shuttled weft
 Across the warp of Time was dauntless flung;
 Of cosmic hues its web the sky bereft,
 And on its threads the swinging Planets hung.
 Mighty thy days, but grander still by far
 The days to be — built on the days that are!

RICHARD J. HINTON.

Brooklyn.

DRAINING A POLITICAL SWAMP.

NOT more than thirty years ago, the land upon which the city of Toledo, Ohio, now stands, was a barren swamp, reeking with the clammy sweat of moldering vegetation, and poisonous with the germs of malarial disease. Chills and fever smote all who were rash enough to tarry long on its damp acres. Railway men refused to work in so desolate and unhealthy a spot. It was regarded as a death-farm by all who knew it.

The sluggish Maumee river, which here lazily unburdens itself into the lake, seemed to travelers to be a veritable Styx, across which some Yankee Charon ferried unsuspecting emigrants. The scum upon this torpid river was, in mid-summer, frequently an inch in thickness; and a sullen fog hovered over its banks always.

For thousands of years this Toledo swamp had lain undisturbed. The Mound-Builders had left it alone. The Indians had left it alone. The pioneers said it always was, and always would be, a swamp. "What else," said they, "could you expect of a swamp? It was swamp-nature to be damp, and unhealthy, and poisonous, and it could not be otherwise." Nation after nation in Europe rose to empire and tumbled to oblivion. Barbarisms bloomed into civilizations, and rotted into barbarisms once more; but the croaking frogs of the Maumee swamp still reigned unmolested in their dismal domain.

However, even an ancient and highly respectable swamp cannot long survive the persistent attacks of energetic American settlers. Steadily the work of improvement continued, until it was fairly gridironed with sewers and drains. Soon it was streaked with paths, which gradually widened into roads, and finally hardened into paved streets, with tall brick and stone buildings on either side. Every year a new defeat was recorded against the frogs, and a new triumph in fa-

vor of the men. The land was dried by the sun and cleansed by the wind, until the fog disappeared like a snow-drift in April. The swamp had "had its day and ceased to be,"—swamps to the rear and cities to the front. The death-rate rapidly decreased, until today the statistics of mortality declare Toledo to be actually the healthiest city in the Union.

Such was the physical regeneration of Toledo,—from a malarial swamp to a city of healthy families. This work of drainage and reclamation is almost finished, but there is another very similar task which has lately begun in that city,—the conquest of the swamp of machine politics. The recent reelection of Mayor Samuel M. Jones, in Toledo, marks a new epoch in the political history of American cities. The swamp of bossism and corruption is at last being drained, and the solid ground of honest and popular administration is being regained.

The mayoralty contest in Toledo has been in many respects unique and notable. It has not been a class-conscious struggle between wage-earners and employers, for Mayor Jones is an employer of labor and a fairly wealthy man. Bankers, mechanics, manufacturers, and laborers stood side by side in the ward meetings, and cheered the humanitarian sentiments of the popular Mayor.

The cleavage at the late election was not according to any standard of wealth or social standing, but rather a question of good or bad citizenship. On the one side were those who believed in the uplifting of politics to the plane of morals; and on the other were those who believed politics and morals to be incompatible. On the one side were the champions of the principle of the public ownership of public franchises; and on the other were the partisans, the badge-wearers, the devotees of shibboleths, and the vassals of corporations. It was in no respect a contest between parties. The levees of party politics were overwhelmed and swept away by the flood of enthusiasm for the Golden Rule Mayor and his ideas. Republicans, democrats, populists, and socialists forgot their parties, and voted as men and as citizens. It was a revolt of men's better

nature against their prejudices and partisan obstinacy. It was an enthusiasm for a man, but it was because the man embodied a high ideal of citizenship and manhood. The sentiment at the crowded Jones meetings was not devotion to party, but independent action for the public welfare. Most of the meetings were educational, rather than political. A gentleman at one of them remarked to a friend,— "This seems more like a University Extension lecture than a political rally."

The themes discussed by Mr. Jones were such as these,— "The Right to Work," "Abolition of the Contract System," "Public Ownership of Public Utilities," "The Golden Rule as Against the Rule of Gold," and "The Brotherhood of Man."

The following verses, with which he frequently concluded his remarks, reveals the spirit of his addresses :—

"We know that by-and-by,
A brighter day shall come,
When hate and strife shall die
And each man owns his home.

"When mine and thine are ours,
And every law is good ;
When all are pure as flowers,
In one grand Brotherhood."

A song, written by himself, was sung at almost every ward meeting, and strains of it can be heard every day in the streets and factories. Here is a sample verse and chorus :—

"Sing aloud the tidings that the race will yet be free,
Man to man the wide world o'er will surely brothers be ;
Right to work, the right to live, let every one agree,
God freely gives to the people.

CHORUS.

"Hurrah, hurrah, the truth shall make us free !
Hurrah, hurrah, for dear humanity !
Right to work let all proclaim till men united be,
In God's free gift to the people."

It was indeed worth going far to see, to witness the ardor with which this song was sung by rough crowds of factory workers, and to note the light of a high affection in their eyes as they listened to the words of their trusted spokesman, and leader. Politics was elevated to the level of fraternity. In all his addresses the Mayor made no personal attacks upon his political opponents, except on two or three occasions when he made vigorous replies to the mis-statements of the daily papers. "We will make the old-fashioned machine politics as scarce in Toledo as snakes in Ireland," he said.

His steadfast endeavor is to make Toledo a *home* for its citizens, not a mere lodging-house and workshop. Politics is not to him a matter of taxes and jobs. No icy officialism ever freezes up sympathy in his office. He views the affairs of the city on the same plane with the affairs of his own family. To his mind, Toledo is not an aggregation of money-getters and taxpayers, but a community of men and women who are husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, parents, and friends, as well as workers and financiers.

While Mr. Jones is a clear-sighted business man, he realizes intensely that all industry is, after all, only the means to an end, and that the main purposes of life are happiness, helpfulness, and intellectual development. To the cynic, the miser, and the misanthropist, he may doubtless seem a foolish dreamer; but to every right-hearted, optimistic citizen, he is the right man in the right place.

He is certainly not one of those who believe that an immoral civilization excuses the immorality of the individuals who compose it. He keenly feels his share of our social guilt, and realizes his responsibility to those who have been less fortunate than he. Honors have not starched him, and power has not petrified his heart. He has the hard business shrewdness of a financier, and yet retains the artlessness of a little child.

Such is the man who has been chosen by the voters of Toledo to drain their political swamp. Whether the frogs and the fever-germs will prove too much for him remains to

be seen, but he will certainly receive a hearty God-speed from all who are sanguine enough to hope that politics may some day be disinfected from corruption, and that government may gradually develop into the science of human brotherhood.

HERBERT N. CASSON.

Toledo, Ohio.

MENTAL HEALING.

PEOPLE unfamiliar with the subject of mental healing and the process of giving treatment, often ask the question, What is it you treat? Is it the mind or the body? This paper is intended to give some information as to the *modus operandi*.

The mental healer treats neither the body nor the soul. He treats the mind of man. One might inquire at this point as to the difference between mind and soul. I do not refer to the mind as being in any way separate or distinct from the soul, but rather as an outgrowth of it, necessary to relate man to the world about him. With our minds we think, reason, and form judgment. But our every thought contains within itself a mental picture. This picture, in turn, has its correspondence in the world without, so that that faculty of mind which images, pictures only outer things and conditions.

Man may be said to be dual in his nature; that is, he has both an inner and an outer nature. Through this outer nature, and by it, he becomes related to all external things. In other words, he lives in two worlds: the world of form or effect, on one hand, and the world of force or cause, on the other. His highest state of mental activity finds its expression in the outer world where, with the use of the faculty of concentration, he focuses his mind upon the things he considers necessary for his welfare in the world about him. He has another faculty that opens to him the gateway of the inner world; we speak of it as meditation. Meditation is that

highest form of prayer whereby one passes from the outer consciousness of life, where thought is no longer active — where mental activities cease — to a state of conscious feeling where blissful rest and repose pervade the being to such a degree that even the consciousness of personality disappears. In this condition man draws from the Fountain of Life. He becomes one with the Source of all life. This inner world is the world of power, or of force, and everything man has, in reality, is drawn from it. Here he is quickened, renewed, strengthened. And while he gets no thought-pictures in that inner consciousness of life, yet he gets that which serves to give color and tone to every thought he thinks: so that when entering again into the world of thought and form, the old seems to be transfigured with brightness, and there is unity such as is unknown to one not consciously related to this inner world of force or being. He now finds it easier to accomplish whatever he desires; because of this renewed strength and vigor, he can do things easily, quickly, and well.

So, if people would be well and strong, if they would be joyous and happy, they must come into a more realizing sense of this inner world, consciously gaining strength and power there, so that they may use it aright in the world about them. If one loses sight of, or has never attained to, a conscious recognition of the inner world, caring solely for the things of the outer, looking at those things as being separate and distinct, looking at life in a personal way, so that the self becomes separate and distinct from all other selves, then the thought of self-preservation becomes the first thought and object of life, and the consideration for the good of others is lost sight of. Everything without becomes more or less chaotic. To one looking at life from this point of view, people seem either good or bad, as one is affected by them favorably or unfavorably. All sight of the unity, or true relation of things, passes away, and the struggle for physical existence becomes the all-important one. The mind thus becoming filled with distorted views of life, and the emotions being acted upon first by one thing and then by another, the things that seem to bring

injury, produce the mental states of anger, malice, envy, hate, avarice, anxiety, and a multiplicity of other things kindred to them. These false images of life, in proportion to the hold they take on the mind, begin to affect the body in an injurious way. Without doubt they produce chemical poisons in the system — that is, the poison is created in this way. The different elements in the body are all good in their true relation to one another: essentially there is nothing poisonous; but wrong thought-pictures of life cause new chemical combinations where the different elements, instead of being related as they should be, become wrongly related, producing chemical poison that tends to bring about a diseased state of the body of man. Every faculty man uses is good; every organ of the body is a good and necessary organ. Man creates all the disturbances of mind or body through that freedom of mind which allows him to construct false images around thought-pictures of life, and these entering into the mind serve to perfect and strengthen it. There are also false imaginations coming through the mind's being wrongly related to its environment, which are the cause of both mental and physical suffering. When once the mind becomes poisoned, it is only a question of time before a corresponding effect will be found in the body, the physical organism constantly reflecting the varying states of mental activity whatever they may be. So, in the giving of mental treatments it is with this faculty of mind we have to deal first. The wrong thought-pictures must be replaced by true ideals of life. The false conditions must be overcome by the true ones. The healthy mind must precede the healthy body.

The true mental healer never seeks to control another to the extent of compelling him to do anything contrary to his desires, recognizing that perfect freedom is all-essential to the perfect development of life. In giving treatment, the object is not to give something that the patient has not, but rather to throw light on the way of life, that the forces and powers latent in the patient may be called into a living existence, and thus the patient may be said to work out his own salva-

tion, using both inner and outer faculties in such a way as to truly relate him to the world of force within and to the world of form without. Treatment is to bring about a recognition of the inner force-world so that one may draw at will from the Fountain of Life. The true mental healer never uses any process of denial of matter, of disease or pain, recognizing the existence of sin, sickness, and pain, but knowing that such existence is only a temporary one, a passing phase of life, and that when man understands his true relationship to God, to his fellow man, and to the world about him, these varying conditions are overcome by the good of life, and pass away before the coming of the light. "Denials" are unnecessary in the giving of treatment, whether used by the healer to affect patients or for self-healing. They only succeed in exerting a hypnotic effect whereby the patient or person becomes deceived and not renewed or strengthened. In a sense, they serve to perpetuate the very things that are denied away: because, before there can be a denial of anything, that thing of necessity becomes pictured in the person's mind, and the denial recalls and perpetuates false pictures in mind. The true mental healer, then, in the giving of his treatments only recognizes diseased states of body as corresponding to false mental states; and instead of denying away either the physical or mental conditions, sets himself to the affirming of certain truths which contradict the unreal mental states. He affirms that wholeness of mind is a natural condition; that man can draw all the life and health and strength necessary for his well-being from an unfailing source; and that he has the power within himself to become so related to that source that weakness and disease can have no power over him. Every thought given out would be of the affirmative order wherein all the real true things of life would find expression in thought-pictures in the mind of the healer, sooner or later becoming transferred to the mind of the patient.

First of all, the healer seeks to realize his own oneness, or the unity that exists between his mind and soul and the Universal Soul. He cultivates a desire for greater love, for greater faith

and hope; he knows that something other than thought pictures, even of things good and true, is required; that there are states of feeling which are just as essential—yes, more essential—than anything that he may be able to picture in mind. He seeks for that fulness of life which means both thought and feeling, and through the realization of this, himself, is thus able to impart knowledge to others. He becomes sympathetically related to his patients, and calls out in them that which he has given expression to himself. "Deep calls unto deep." The highest and noblest qualities of his nature become, in a sense, related to the corresponding qualities in another, so that the qualities that have been latent are stirred into a vital, living existence. The mind is renewed, the body is quickened and strengthened, and the mental discord and unrest vanish; and the thrill of new impulses—the dawning of the new life—has come, so that one is virtually transformed. This is what the apostle Paul meant when he said that it was a reasonable service to present our bodies holy (or whole) unto God, or rather unto that higher God-part of our own nature that ever resents the imperfect or the discordant. And this is done through the renewing of the mind by entering into the highest realization or the inner consciousness of life.

Mental healing differs, then, from other systems wherein the practise of the denial of matter, sin, sickness, or disease, exists. It differs from treatment that *wills* a patient to be well, or in any way forces something upon the acceptance of another mind; and while suggestion is used, it is not used in a compulsory sense, and has nothing of the hypnotic order about it. It practises neither self-deception with healer, nor deception with patient.

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THE GENESIS OF ACTION.

ONE persistent conclusion has characterized our inquiry throughout the present series of discussions.* The central fact of human life is the existence, the meaning and nature of individual action. At the outset, we found the entire social organism carried forward by the desire for freedom. The essence of the New Thought was traced to its endeavor to change our personal attitude toward life, so that the thought-forces which once caused our misery may become agents of happiness and health. The clue to the philosophical interpretation of the universe we found, not in the mere existence of force, law, evolution, and the Reality behind them; but in man's relationships, adjustments, reactions, his general attitude toward the forces that play upon him. We rejected all doctrines which neglect the possibilities of finite action, and insisted upon the ultimate worth of the moral law. We still found it possible to believe in the harmony and goodness of the universe, since finite action cannot defeat the creative plan; but found in man such possibilities of discordant reaction, that all experience, however positive, is colored by human emotion and ignorance; harmony becomes such for man only when he understands and coöperates with it. We did not discredit the spiritual life, nor doubt the reality and beauty of the mystic experience. We found as sure a place as ever for the ideal, for belief in the active presence of God. But we were compelled to confess at last that all these experiences differ with each individual, that what we mean by the absolute ideal is our own imperfect thought, and what we mean by "the Absolute," is so much of God as the finite or relative can grasp. Thus one abstraction after another was discarded, until the residuum proved to be just this present, real, concrete, human world of finite aspiration and struggle. The only real God is the God of our imperfect

* Begun in *The Arena* for December, 1898.

evolution; the only harmony, an achieving harmony; the only Absolute, the God which shall become such when all humanity is perfected.

Our next inquiry is the more detailed investigation of the nature of activity, its relation to thought and to the body. I undertake this inquiry, however, well knowing that the subject involves many mysteries, and with the hope of attaining only partially satisfactory results.

Two classes of philosophers have laid violent hands upon the property of finite activity, and assumed priority of possession. The one has described the universe in terms of physical substance and force, and deemed mind a sort of flame or ghost-like accompaniment of material action. The other has insisted that it is an affair of thought, while some have assumed that even the qualities of matter exist because of the characteristics which the mind gives them. It requires little reflection, however, to prove that both are partly right, and both partly wrong.

The eating away of a piece of marble by sulphuric acid has very little reference to man's thought about it, and although the result produced by food and drugs is partly dependent on his physical and mental organisms, every material substance also possesses an independent quality of its own. On the other hand, we have noted a vast difference between static and dynamic thought, between mere thought and thought in action. Floods of ideas stream through consciousness and leave only the faintest trace behind them, but when a thought appears which the mind selects as the guide to action, a marked change occurs. In fact, the activity of which we are conscious must be classified under at least three distinct heads :—

(1) It is largely physical and is not participated in by the mind, like the consuming power of an acid, whose activity the mind merely observes.

(2) It is almost wholly mental, with at best only a recording molecular, or brain response, such as an abstract reasoning process, which has no bearing upon conduct.

(3) It is voluntary, the quickened activity resulting from the pressure from within, the dynamic mental state which we term the sense of effort; when, for example, one arouses from reverie to hasten to the relief of a person in danger, setting the entire physical machine in motion by a single thought.

An ideal, a fear, the belief in disease, or a good intention *may* eventuate in action; but it is an unpardonable confusion of ideas to neglect these distinctions. Fortunate, indeed, is it that so many of our fears, hasty thoughts, and sentiments of jealousy, revenge, and madness, perish before they become objects of action. On the other hand, the central problem of the reformer is, how to persuade man to act, how to induce him to take the step from knowing to doing. The theory that all disease is wrong thinking, and all cure right thinking, is as inadequate as is the idea that it is merely an affair of germs. *Disease is disturbed action*, and only by taking account of activity in all its phases may we hope to eliminate disease from humanity. To maintain a mere process of thinking about it, of abstract affirmation or "claiming" health and perfection, is as absurd as to assert that one is walking on the street, when one is simply sitting by the window wishing one were there. All this may be a help, and temporary change may result from such a process, but not a cure. There is a vast difference between mental treatment which brings temporary relief through therapeutic suggestion, and the cure which results from *understanding*. There is an incalculable difference between merely wishing, affirming, calling up mental pictures of what must be done to reach the street, and actually *starting* to walk there. All the assertions and claims in the world will not take the place of action; all the statements of idealists that were ever made, have failed to prove that thinking and doing are one.

Thought becomes deed only when a certain amount of resistance is overcome.* The kind of thinking in which

* It is important, however, to remember that the tendency of *all* ideas is to eventuate in action. "Beliefs are rules for action." In his "Talks on Psychology and Life's Ideals,"

the majority of people indulge, is a progress down the stream of least resistance. But the real work of the world has been done by those who dared to stem the stream, to break through the banks of habit and the dikes of conservatism, and build a new channel. This concentration of thought upon the well-worn channels of the brain is one of the starting-points in the transition from mere thought, through dynamic-thought or volition, to physical change. Every time one acquires a new trade or a new habit of thinking, this cerebral resistance must be overcome. The brain must first be taught to respond. Then woe be to the one who permits himself to become the creature of his new habit.

Half the labor of healing a chronic invalid is the persistent persuasion required to induce the patient to make an effort for himself. This triumphant personal effort is the real cure, and no one can perform the task for another. Why? Because life is individual; it is only that for which we pay the price of strenuous effort that is of any great value. Here is the one point on which to concentrate, namely, to lay aside forever as abortive, the idea that somehow law is to be set aside for us, that we are superior to any one else, that all we need and desire will joyfully gravitate to us. On the plane of effort all men are absolutely equal, and in reality, so far as character is concerned, not a man has advanced a step further than his own efforts have carried him. We may seem to advance. We may apparently be saved by accepting some religious creed, or be healed by taking medicine or repeating the formulas of an abstract mental healer. But the real malady is subjective, and the soul must first understand its own troubles before it can be free from them.

We win our strength by encountering obstructions and mastering them. It is work that tells. Character itself, as defined by Huxley, is "a sum of tendencies to act in a certain

Professor James shows that there is no kind of consciousness which does not directly tend to discharge into some motor effect. The active result occurs when the opposing ideas are out of the way.

way." A strong character is one that possesses a strong will, or that persistent power of attention which holds to a certain object until it has been actualized. The unselfish character is one which, instead of pushing itself personally forward, compelling things to give way, transmutes this tremendous power into love, the love that considers and is patient. "The law of love," says David Starr Jordan, "is not the abrogation of the law of struggle: it represents a better way to fight." All that we obtain comes to us when we seek it, when we willingly encounter the conditions through which we must strive toward it. One may well encounter such obstacles thankfully, not because they are "sent" and must be accepted with religious resignation, but because they may be overcome. Peace itself is the reward of strife; repose is won by work, not by wishing, and the highest ideal of activity, the poised, wise activity of the spirit, is to be realized only by separately mastering each of our forces, until all shall be controlled from a calm inner center.

The starting-point in all reform, in all healing, in all religious growth, of any permanent value, is individual understanding. Mere belief or external religion, the manipulation of effects, is largely waste of force; it is of value only so far as one learns its utter superficiality and, by contrast, the need of individual effort. I must think and know for myself. To do this I must become free, self-reliant, and self-dependent. Man recognizes external authority; he bows to power and deems organizations of primary importance only in the childhood of the race. The real seat of authority is within, and a man must become a free individual before he can found a free society.

Implied in the understanding which must underlie wise individual action is self-control, or the ability to inhibit impulse, seize upon and redirect our forces. Before a man can act wisely he must know how to act. It is not enough to be creatures of impulse, like the majority of men. It is not enough to formulate some sort of excuse for impulse, such as the survival of the fittest, or "all is good." A man must

sound his nature to its depths and become truly ethical, not merely in thought, but in conduct. Even love must be discrete, wise; and surely a man should master his passions and his appetites if he expects to perfect his conduct.

What, then, is the state of mind that leads to action, what is an act of the volitional type? The physiological psychologist reduces the sense of effort to a muscular sense. But why is it that one out of a thousand ideas leaves the stream of subjective least resistance and breaks out through the objective walls to be realized in a physical deed? In the case of the person in danger, to whose assistance one hurries from the calmer world of reverie, it is of course a prompting of the heart. Yet the prompting is not of itself sufficiently dynamic. Considered by itself, it is only an ideal or mental picture. Another equally strong idea may arise, namely, to wait and let some one else be the good Samaritan. Or, one may fear that one's own life will be endangered by rushing to the rescue. Accordingly, one must choose, and choose quickly. It is surprising what a number of factors play a part in an apparently instantaneous decision. When the mind finally decides, it leans toward one of the alternatives. It issues an unthinkably rapid fiat: Let this be done, and, if ethical, the decision may call for victory over the greatest amount of resistance offered by any of the alternatives.

Each of the many separate actions necessary to the realization of the chosen act has, of course, been learned by past mental effort, or volition; such, for instance, as balancing the body, walking, descending the stairs, running. All these activities are set in motion by instantaneous processes, only because the body has been trained to do many acts at once. The body is relatively an inert mass to be moved, and the great miracle is that we can move it at all. We are present somewhere within its depths, whence we can seize it at greatest advantage, an advantage to be gained in its fullest sense, however, only by minutest knowledge of its interior structure and the laws which govern it as an organism. But that the mind can triumph over a great amount of inertia, is shown by

the ability to conquer fatigue when we are so tired that we can "hardly drag" the body along. The possibilities in the realm of effort have yet to be sounded.

The chief difficulty in the endeavor to trace these possibilities is the obscurity which still conceals the relation between mind and motion, or thought and the body. Consciousness is itself in constant activity or change, but in its higher aspects is essentially awareness of, or thought about change, rather than change itself,—for example, the observation of acid consuming a block of marble. The mind is in that case aware of an activity which it cannot stop, but which it can speculate about even after it has ceased. Activity and consciousness are conceivably co-incident with the genesis of life itself. It is not that we exist because we are conscious, but that we are conscious because we exist;* not that we exist because we act, but that we act because we are. The statement that we know by experience means that we know through both action and thought. Our universe is both a live universe and a conscious universe, and we cannot penetrate beyond these fundamental characteristics. It is not wholly true that "as a man thinketh so is he," but also as we act so we are. "Conduct is three fourths of life," says Matthew Arnold. We can far more readily undo the effects of thought than the consequences of action. It is conceivable that God himself contemplates varying possibilities, but that one of them becomes this world-experience of ours when he issues the creative fiat, when he acts, and thereby makes it real.

Activity may for a time lie outside of consciousness, and come to consciousness later. All activity is conceivably teleological; that is, it is directed by consciousness toward a chosen end. But it may then become chiefly subconscious, involuntary, mechanical, so that the mind observes its play upon consciousness with all the zest that novelty brings. Activity is ultimate in some form, I repeat, else were the universe dead. For even if all external or physical energy should become quiescent, if all active thinking should appar-

* See the February *Arena*, page 166.

ently cease, and should start again, activity in some form must have persisted to set the great machinery once more in motion. Absolute rest is as truly inconceivable as absolute cessation of consciousness. The terms consciousness and activity therefore include what we mean by the eternal life and cognition of God.

Activity also implies succession, change. It is real only in the time-sequence sense; * whereas, thought may function independently of past, present, and future. Activity is the ultimate energy of the universe in exercise; while thought plays round about it and delights in its motion. Activity implies causation, and on the physical side is bound by its antecedents and environment; thought exists in the world of freedom, and upsets all sequences in its far searchings.

"A living being is, at the very least, a center of sensation and reaction," says Professor Seth.† We are not merely bound by activity, we are made free by will. "Whatever determines attention, determines action," says the new psychology, but attention may be determined from within; it is not limited alone by the physical movements that play upon our organisms. "If a thing carries out its own nature, we call the thing active," says Bradley; but its own nature may involve a wide field of freedom. The theosophist assures us that the character of a man is the product of his karma, or his past actions; but it does not tell us how and where karma began ‡; as we could not originate through karma, there must be a self that acts. Thus all inquiries tend to confirm our belief both in cause and effect, thought and act; self and its conscious world of feeling, thought and volition.

We do not know either pure thought or pure act, because we cannot become other than self to observe these most intimate emanations of selfhood. "Volition," says Professor Seth, § "is the action of the subject, and, as such, it cannot be

* See Bradley, "Appearance and Reality," chapter VII.

† See "Man's Place in the Cosmos," chapter III.

‡ See an able discussion by Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld beginning in "The Exodus," February, 1899.

§ "Man's Place in the Cosmos," page 113.

phenomenalized. . . . To ask to know the will as a presentation is to ask to know it, *as it is not*." The feeling of effort is a direct cognition; the power to originate it is original, ultimate. It would obviously be impossible to discover whether the subjective aspect of consciousness exactly corresponds to, is limited by, or conditions the brain process, unless we could examine each series separately, then compare them.

On the hypothesis that the brain cells are partly psychic, we have at least a plausible theory of bridging the chasm between thought and deed. For the activity of the cell would then be voluntary, and the will of man might through this means regain control over subconscious cells which had once been voluntarily directed. According to this hypothesis, the process of self-control is chiefly that of inducing each individual member of the cellular republic to function for the good of the centrally directed whole—a sort of cellular trust, the economy of harmonious combination.

On the inner side an act is first a general thought process, interested attention, love, or desire, then a motor image. This mental picture becomes the guide to certain actions because of its association with the habits as they were acquired, or its direction of certain cells. I am conscious first of a desire, of something I wish to do. Then of the necessary process by which to realize it, or try to realize it. With the impetus in this chosen direction, or the seizure of a given motor image, a plan of action, it is conceivable that this synthetic motor picture is impressed or stamped upon the psychic substance or mental aspect of the cells, in the proper region of the brain, and that the definite outline or impression of the picture which thus takes shape in the responsive psychic substance is in turn impressed upon, or gives shape to the nerve substance, the radiant matter of the physical cell, causing cell discharge, the change of power from a state of tension to a state of activity. But our conscious control ends with the idea or motor picture; we are not aware of the cell discharge. "It is a general principle of psychology," says Professor James,* "that consciousness deserts

* "Psychology," II., pp. 496, 497, 567.

all processes where it can no longer be of use." According to this "principle of parsimony in consciousness, the motor discharge *ought* to be devoid of sentience. . . . The terminus of the psychological process is volition, the point to which the will is directly applied is always the idea."

All attempts to supply the connection between volition and physical act, are, therefore, hypothetical; we cannot slacken the process and observe the actual effect of the motor image. We find ourselves acting before we learn to act voluntarily.* We know that we can exert ourselves long before we try to discover what the sense of effort is. The amoeba did not have to experiment to discover that it could act. Even on the supposition that atoms are partly or wholly psychic, activity must have been present prior to any subjective attempt to act, anterior to volition. On this hypothesis there is still a mysterious transition from psychosis to physical movement, and the problem remains, How have we brought about this great centralization of psycho-physical individuals, how does each individual economically combine the two aspects? Let us, therefore, try to carry our analysis a stage further.

One of the first scholars to propose a theory of the interchange between mind and matter was John Bovee Dods, † whose lectures on "Electrical Psychology" attracted widespread attention in this country half a century ago. According to this theory, electricity is the creative agent of God, the ultimate energy out of which all chemical and physical forces and substances have been evolved, and by which all planetary and stellar relationships are sustained. The will of God gives direction to electricity, sets up motion, whereupon all development proceeds; and all life is maintained by the involuntary or subconscious results of the creative fiat or divine volition. By a similar process, the mind or will of man commands and uses the body through the gradual transmission from will, or mental energy, electric action, nerve vibration, and muscular contraction, to movement. *All action*

* See James, "Psychology," II., 487.

† "The Philosophy of Electrical Psychology"; New York, S. R. Wells, 1870.

is fundamentally mental, and electricity is the agent of transfer. God does not act directly upon the physical world, but there is a gradation or transition from spirit to matter, electricity being the connecting link. The human mind does not act directly upon the body, nor does the body immediately affect the mind. The nerve current is electrical and is capable both of setting up nerve vibration on the one side, and a thought process on the other. Thus are all sensations conveyed, and here in this intermediary world all diseases or disturbances originate and are cured. Thought can call energy out of this all-containing inter-world, and through its concentration can control the voluntary functions of the body.

That there is such a gradation of forces is evident from all our knowledge of nature. Nature does not leap, but gradually passes from stage to stage by almost imperceptible degrees. One cannot draw abrupt lines between the colors of the spectrum, because there is infinite blending and shading. Distinct colors can be distinguished without discovering all the shades that unite them. We have seen that in the same way, one may, by persistent introspection, discover certain definite stages in the psycho-physical process, although the intermediary stages, from sensation to perception, and from perception to thought, utterly elude the subtlest analyses.

As an evidence that electricity is at least one of the intermediary forms of energy and is closely allied to spirit, the fact may be noted that some spiritual healers are conscious of an electric current resulting from the process known as silent or mental treatment. This current may sometimes be combed from the hair with a "snap."

The theory of Dr. P. P. Quimby, the originator of mental healing in this country, carries the intermediary process a stage further. In his terminology the intermediary substance is "spiritual matter,"* which partakes of the qualities of both spirit and matter. Thought-images, fears, and suggestions

* This interpretation of Dr. Quimby's theory is based upon a study of his unpublished MSS. of 1839-1863.

are impressed on this very responsive substance, and result not only in processes of subconscious thought, but in bodily change. The description of the symptoms of disease has power over the nervous, anxious mind, and is transmitted to the ever-ready spiritual matter, or subconscious activity. Ideas or suggestions grow like seeds in a fertile soil — *if the mind believes them*. To cure a patient by the mental process, one must first change the mind, both consciously and subconsciously, or, in other words, change the spiritual matter through a wiser process of thought; then the body will respond.

Following the clue given by Dr. Quimby, some of his patients and those who have had access to his manuscripts, have advanced a stage farther still. In order to state the facts in intelligible terms, let us suppose that Mr. Dods's proposition is true, namely, that all action is fundamentally mental. We then have upon our hands a universe of motion directed by mind: co-eternal thought and activity. Or, in other terms, a universe of ether, and such substances as may be still finer than ether, upon which mind is capable of impressing its ideas, thus making them dynamic. By the reverse process, matter affects mind. If there are finer substances than ether, it is probably upon the finest that thought is thus impressed, and from which it derives the material of physical sensation. Or, assume that all substances are one, if you will, and spirit the energy that directs them. A dynamic spiritual impulse or idea, therefore, gives rise to motion in a given direction; it originates vibration in a sea of substance, as the ringing of a bell sends forth its waves of auditory motion. In thought transference, the vibration is obviously far more rapid than the swift ether-waves known as light, or the still more rapid wave-flight of electricity.

On the above hypothesis there is no real chasm between mind and matter, but matter in motion and mind in action owe their energy to spirit. Spirit is not a vague, unsubstantial somewhat; it is the ultimate basis of all substance; its activity is, if you like, the finest wave motion, and its power is

the greatest in the universe. The two aspects of life which we have been considering, consciousness and activity, are two aspects of spirit. As an acute philosopher puts it,* "spirit is the only thing that can make effort or exert intrinsic power." As a partaker of spirit, man is a "creative first cause"; that is, he "begins and effects changes."

My conclusion is, that each person must experiment in the inner psychological laboratory in order really to know how spirit controls mind, and mind acts upon matter. It is practically impossible to convince the physiologist that there is a higher nature, that telepathy is natural to man, and that the spirit can heal; he must first discover these powers in his own life. Until then, he is likely to believe in the "chasm" between "non-interacting" mind and matter. He who knows the truth on this important subject is not the theorist, but he who daily uses the powers he seeks to understand.

The highest office of thought is to direct action, the highest office of action is to make it contributory, not to self, nor even to society alone, but to the whole, including inmost spiritual coöperation with God. We are limited in temperament that we may perform our individual functions. Emerson says, "The only sin is limitation," and Bradley, "The world is the best of possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil." The value of just this mystery, this limitation that surrounds our activity, is its incessant emphasis of the one great lesson of life — concentration. There is power enough for each to do his work, but it must be traced to its fountain head, mastered, and redirected from within, in that remarkable genesis of action which we cannot fully comprehend.

Perhaps the most comprehensive statement is, that the genesis of action is in the creative idea. There is somewhat in human creative genius which refuses to be analyzed. "Talent," says Lowell, "is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." The limitations of

* R. G. Hazard, "Causation and Freedom in Willing"; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889.

action and thought are not those of matter, but those of genius; and human genius has not yet revealed its full power. And Emerson has the final word for us:

"We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. . . . It is his if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution."

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[The article on the Vedanta, intended for publication in this issue of *The Arena*, is reserved for the August number.—ED.]

THE LIVING OF LIFE.

If when the Spring hath kissed the Earth so warmly
That, smiling, it breaks forth in blushing flower,
Thou dost not feel, each year, Life's deepest yearning,
And Love's ecstatic, magic-wielding power,
Thou hast not lived.

If when each Season comes in turn so strangely,
Unfolding Nature's laws in beauty shrined,
Thou art not thrilled with full, profound conviction
That these are thoughts of an Eternal Mind,
Thou hast not lived.

If Music never spoke to thee so sweetly,—
A poet's thought, some dream of painter's eyes,—
But thou hast found thy soul in rapture trembling
And taking wing, as 'twere, to Paradise,
Thou hast not lived.

If Friendship whispered not to thee so fondly
But that thou wast a brother to thy friend,
Uplifting and enshielding him in trouble,
So far thy power and fortune might extend,
Thou hast not lived.

If thou hast never loved a soul so deeply,
That for its peace thou would'st not glad have died,
If thought or mem'ry of that loved one's vision
Hath not e'er since thee blest and purified,
Thou hast not lived.

If Duty ne'er hath called to thee so strongly
That thou would'st not have battled on its side,
And, standing bravely all alone if need be,
Defied what fortune might for thee betide,
Thou hast not lived.

If joy or grief of man hath left thee coldly,—
The pain of beast, the song of bird above,—
If thou hast not the tender heart-throb, pitying,
Proclaiming kinship of a deep world-love,
Thou hast not lived.

If thou hast schooled and trained thy soul so nobly,
Exalting it with each refining grace,
That thou might'st yield each thought and each emotion
In consecration to the human race;—
If thou hast grasped the truth of God so clearly
That thou dost see Him in each atom's strife;—
If thou hast ear for what all Nature's speaking :
That Life is Love and Love is quivering Life,
Then hast thou lived,
Then hast thou lived.

LOUIS R. EHRLICH.

Colorado Springs, Col.

LITTLE ISNAGA.

A CUBAN STORY.

IT was in the country mansion of old General Isnaga, among the hills, that the expedition under Gurié was organized.

Two Americans—I was one of them—had landed secretly, and joined by several Cubans, had penetrated to the fastnesses where the general dwelt in such seclusion. He had earned his title in the regular army, from which he had retired long before to become a successful sugar planter; but this greatness, too, had passed. Political troubles had come; the rebellion of 1895 had been born.

The general's mother had been a Cuban; his own sympathies were with the land of his birth. He became a suspect. A raiding party decimated his property, burned his cane-fields, and reduced his *ingenio* to a ruin. He scarcely escaped with his life to this remote refuge, where, ill and old as he was, he still exerted himself for the benefit of the cause he had espoused. But not only in purse had the general suffered; he had given his heart's blood. One of his sons was serving under Calixto Garcia; two had fallen with the brave Maceo. One only—a lad of fifteen, a delicate fellow, the idol of his parents—remained to him.

The plan was for Colonel Gurié to pass with a small force over the hills to combine with Lacerda, the two together to protect the landing of a load of ammunition from an American steamer which was waiting off the coast. The last council was held the night before departure in a great *patio*, to the lurid light of torches. I shall never forget the appearance of the old general—a tall, emaciated figure, loosely dressed—as he stood there, while, with eyes blazing, and words as fiery as the flambeaux, he spoke of the wrongs of his countrymen and exhorted us all to stand as one for her defense. While his father was speaking, I caught sight of

Fernandito's face. The boy was standing behind some others, but, taken out of himself by this burst of eloquence, he leaned forward so that the light accentuated every feature of his sensitive, refined countenance. His breast was heaving, his nostril swelling with emotion, his dark, melancholy eyes flaming. The instant his father paused, he sprang forward in front of Colonel Gurié, and flung himself at the general's feet.

"Father!" he cried, passionately, "father, let me go, too, with Cousin Alfonso."

The general recoiled a step.

"My God, Fernando! are you mad? You are a child, and the only thing your mother and I have left to us. *Basta*, peace — say no more."

"I am not a child," the boy retorted, vehemently, "or if I am in years, in heart I am a man. If it is good to serve one's country and to perish for her, let me go too. Let my brothers not make me ashamed."

The general's face became strangely changed. His very solicitude for the boy made him hard.

"Hush! Let us hear no more of this. Go back into the house to your mother," he commanded, harshly.

The boy arose, threw at him one glance, in which mortified passion and reluctant submission were strangely mingled, and withdrew. We did not see him again. At dawn the reveille was sounded and the company — one hundred and fifty of us — mounted our horses and filed away behind Colonel Gurié through the tangled forest.

The fourth evening we were bivouacking in a wood. *Oules* had been spread, huts hastily constructed, and hammocks slung, while in the center blazed the camp-fires, whence appetizing odors were pleasantly wafted to the nostrils of the hungry troopers. Suddenly the gun of a sentinel snapped, and at the same moment, several of the Cubans started to their feet, crying out, "*Alto! quién va?*"

The next moment two horses, dripping with foam and sweat, dashed crazily into the midst of the camp, almost riding

down the fires. Upon the foremost rode Fernandito Isnaga ; the second bore a negro servant of the Isnagas.

The boy dropped, half laughing, half crying — for he was unspeakably exhausted by his forced ride — at Gurié's feet.

"You cannot send me back now, Cousin Alfonso," he declared with hysterical triumph ; and to all the colonel's reiterated enquiries he returned only this answer. The negro was questioned in his turn. "The *chiquito* ran away," he explained. "I could not turn him back, I could only follow."

There was nothing to do but to keep them ; the way back was too long and too dangerous to order them home ; but Gurié was troubled. More than once I heard him mutter under his breath: "What will his mother do ? what will his mother do ?" The runaways were fed and sent to bed. The next day Fernandito was rated and given an old Winchester, which, in addition to the *machete* which he already wore, seemed to render him at once a man and a soldier.

No eyes of lover before his mistress ever glowed with a deeper ardor than those of this boy in the passion of this new possession. He hung over it, caressed it, and spent the entire day polishing it. He was assigned a position near to me, and, indeed, privately put under my supervision. This did not displease me, for I had taken an immense fancy to this engaging boy. Never was there a more sunny and artless nature. Fatigue, privation, discomfort of all sorts, called from him no complaints. On the contrary, he seemed to feel a joy in taking a man's share in all the toil, and at evening, when we stretched ourselves, and those of us who had them smoked our cigars, he would amuse us all with his whimsical fancies.

"See ; this is the way the *Gringos* * dance," he would announce ; and illustrate his words with a few stiff-starched, stately turns, up and down. "And this is the way the *Mambis* dance," he would add ; and then would follow such a fantasia upon the can-can as would make us all convulsed with

* *Gringo*, a term originally applied in Spanish America, to English and Americans, is in Cuba extended to the Spaniards. The *Mambí* is a son of the soil.

laughter. But he had also long moods of abstraction, when his fine face would assume a profound melancholy, as if some foreshadowing of his own destiny were upon him.

Our journey was becoming longer than we had anticipated. A detachment of regulars was out after Lacerda, who had been compelled to fall back toward the interior. This same circumstance also embarrassed our movements, for we were obliged to make long detours to avoid places where the enemy was supposed to be. More than one of us was inclined to echo little Isnaga's impatient query: "When shall we meet our foes?"

It was the sultry afternoon of a very sultry day. Twice already we had had deluging showers, and the great thunder-heads were gathering for another. We had been riding — rather carelessly and indifferently I must confess — through open country and were making for a palm grove at no great distance, where Gurié proposed camping for the night. Over in the valley beyond, we hoped by the next day to meet with some detachment of Lacerda's army, and through them to be enabled to join him. Suddenly, down a lane through the cane-fields, a scout sent out by Gurié came riding furiously.

"The *Gringos*, the *Gringos*, the *Gringos*!" he shouted.

"Where!"

"A body of them is out behind Tunera, and another is coming this way."

Orders were hurriedly given and we set forward at a gallop for the grove. Overhead the artillery of heaven rumbled and echoed. There was a swooning breathlessness over all the land, as if it fainted before the approaching tumult. Just as we reached the edge of the copse, the sudden rain fell — fell as rain in the tropics only can fall — and in a moment we were drenched. But within the grove there was to be little shelter and no repose. It would have been madness to expose ourselves in the open beyond, and Gurié made hasty preparations to defend himself in this spot.

Some of the men were set to felling trees which, falling across the road, made a rough barricade; others were detailed

to dig a ditch behind the barricade, wherein we might entrench ourselves; others again, removed the horses and such baggage as we had, to the rear; and every moment the rain poured more overwhelmingly. Fernandito Isnaga was by my side. Gurié would have sent him to a place of safety at the rear with the camp servants and equipage, but the boy indignantly rebelled. I watched him as he manfully toiled with the others, his face pale and bespattered, his lips firmly closed, his eyes glowing. As it became dark the rain held up a little. We were served a little dry food as we stood, and ordered on guard behind the barricade to wait for the Spaniards. Not a shot was to be fired until Gurié gave the word. And so we sat or crouched, wet, weary, and impatient. That the storm was not over, constant grumbles of thunder, accompanied by an occasional flash of lightning, gave evidence.

Suddenly we heard them,—the plunk, plunk of hoofs in the miry soil. At the same instant a fresh tempest burst over us, greatly accentuating the nervous tension of the hour. Such thunderous crashes, such coruscation of lightning, I have never before or since experienced. It seemed at moments as if hell itself yawned.

In these lurid intervals we could distinctly see dark moving bodies not very far away. One flash revealed two mounted officers within twenty rods of the barricade; we could even hear their voices as they spoke to each other. They evidently had no idea of our proximity, and regarded the prostrate trees as due to accident; but these obstructed further advance. Still Gurié gave no word. Fernandito leaned closer to me. He was drawing his breath in fierce, convulsive gasps.

"I must shoot or scream," he whispered agitatedly.

"Be a man; true men keep cool in action," I returned, none too cool myself. I put my arm round him and drew him to me—he was trembling violently, his whole frame convulsed by his supreme excitement—and so we rested while slowly the hysteria wore away. But never have I passed a longer

night. A faint gray light was creeping over the heavens and the storm had ceased, when the welcome signal from Gurié reached us.

"Now, all together!" and the next moment a volley belched from every cranny of the barricade.

"Another; higher," came the command.

The Spaniards — who had been like us waiting for morning — were totally unprepared for this ambushade, and could not easily recover themselves. Their ranks were in confusion. We sprang up and poured upon them volley after volley, while their fire — such as they gave us — was entirely wild. The front rank was pressing back upon the rear; a small field-piece, which they had been endeavoring hastily to bring into position, adding to their embarrassment. Every instant the confusion became more inextricable.

"Charge!" shouted Gurié. But, before any of us could obey, something happened. In the excitement of the attack, I had not noticed that Fernandito had slipped away. At this moment he reappeared mounted upon his father's gray horse. He was coatless and hatless, while his tumbled and spattered hair gave him the appearance of a fiery hobgoblin. In his hand flashed his memorable, untried machete.

"*Viva Cuba libre!*" he screamed shrilly; and the next moment, defying all order, horse and rider cleared the barricade. In an instant we were all after this apparition. I have no very clear idea of that engagement. It is a confused phantasmagoria of noise and blood, of ferocious fighting and heroic dying; while, darting hither and thither, seeming to be everywhere at once, the very incarnation of that superlative struggle, dashed that gnome-like figure, shrilling its war-cry.

We fought a desperate hand-to-hand encounter; but we won. We beat back the gunners and seized the field-piece, and, turning it, trained it on our foes.

Defeat became a rout. The Spaniards — those that were left — became totally demoralized. They flung away impeding accoutrements and fled whithersoever they could. And

the more venturesome of our men — Fernandito Isnaga at the head — pressed them close.

"Halt!" commanded Gurié. "Return all. Fernando Isnago, come back!"

But the boy seemed not to hear him. There was upon him a species of delirium, a heroic frenzy which burns in the blood of every Isnaga, and has bred a race of patriots.

"Come back!" thundered Gurié. The next moment we saw the fugitives group themselves for a moment, and turn for a Parthian farewell. A line of fire broke from them, centered upon one figure,— a line of fatal fire.

We saw Fernandito reel in the saddle and then fling his arms upward.

"*Viva Cuba libre!*" he screamed once more; and dropped like a plummet to the ground.

Ah well, that is the end. The rest of our expedition belongs to history. We buried with military honors the last of the Isnagas upon the spot where he fell; but for two days afterwards — until we joined Lacerda, in fact — the great gray gelding was led riderless; for it seemed to all of us a desecration to mount into that saddle.

There are some plants which take generations to perfect, and which come slowly to their full stature and fruitage. There are others — the boy poets of the world, the boy musicians, the boy heroes — which rush to an exotic maturity; which flower early, gloriously, and pass quickly — like a sign across the heavens.

Their years are few, but the fruition is so entire, so rounded, so all-sufficing, that one feels that the short span has not been a mutilation but a fulfilment, and that a century could not have rendered it more complete. Of such was little Isnaga.

JULIA P. DABNEY.

Brookline, Mass.

BLOSSOM TIME.

Oh, welcome the season of birds and of blossoms!
When the earth is arrayed in its vesture of white,
And the soft air is laden with perfume of flowers,
And just to exist is a joy and delight.
Oh, the rapture of living, of loving, and being;
The beauty of life, in our hearts seems to grow,
Nature rekindling, brings back our life's springtime,
And quickens our pulses, be they ever so slow.

What pleasure to wander at will through the orchards,
Through apple-bloom showers that sift softly down
Their rosy-tipped petals, thick strewn on the greensward,
Like miniature snow-drifts they lie on the ground.
And all this delight may be had for the seeking,
For all nature asks is a soul to perceive
God's message of love, in all works of His hand,
And His lessons of truth in our hearts to receive.

ANNE B. WHEELER.

Newton, Mass.

UNDER THE ROSE.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE MORMONS

The author of the article, "A Word for the Mormons," in this issue, is not a Mormon, although he has lived for years in Utah, and is familiar with the conditions whereof he writes. While in some respects Mr. Curtis places Mormonism in a very different light from that in which it was presented by Mrs. Ruth Everett in her article in the February Arena, it will, on closer examination, be found that these articles really complement each other. Mrs. Everett's point of view is that of a woman who came in contact with one side of Utah's "peculiar institution," and who felt and reported with distinct feeling the evil and wrong of polygamy as it affects woman. Mr. Curtis's article is a plea for fair play, from the standpoint simply of a liberal thinker in religion as in politics. The facts he cites are certainly important to all who care for full and unprejudiced statements of fact, before making up their minds for or against Mormonism, which, as Mr. Curtis shows, is not essentially polygamous, and has indeed claims to attention as a social and religious force of remarkable power and influence.

* * * *

Events crowd thick and fast in our political history, and the whirligig of time brings its revenges. Time was, and that not very long ago, when the name of Horace Boies of Iowa was a name to conjure with. His triumphal election to the governorship of Iowa, on the democratic issue of "a tariff for revenue only," in what had always been regarded as a republican stronghold in the middle west, pointed to the availability of this sterling and veteran democrat as a presidential candidate. With the subsidence of the tariff issue and the rise of the currency issue, Mr. Boies and the issues associated with his success were relegated to the rear by

the politicians. Democratic to the core, he yet believed that insistence on the restoration of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, or any other arbitrary ratio, might prove unwise. In the present issue of *The Arena*, he states clearly and plainly what has every appearance of being a practical plan for the achievement of the end sought by all genuine bimetalists, regardless of party. If the currency issue is to be the issue for 1900, it certainly will be important to bring it before the voters in a way that will command confidence. At all events, Governor Boies's idea is worth thinking about. It will be remembered that the late Secretary Windom advocated a similar plan, which was defeated by the influence of the banks. A prominent advocate of the sixteen-to-one ratio has been invited to reply to this article in a later number of *The Arena*.

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IMPERIALISM IN OUR COLLEGES

When men like Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews at Brown University, Dr. Bemis at the University of Chicago, and Professor Commons at Syracuse University, were turned out of their places and practically blacklisted because their teaching of economic truth gave offense to vested interests, the people who are aware of the bias involved in the very foundations of sectarian colleges were not surprised. Mr. Rockefeller's influence, so potent in the Baptist church, seems to be as potent in the Baptist university at Syracuse, as in his own university at Chicago. It has been our boast, however, that institutions of the higher learning, established and endowed by the people, and especially those western colleges, which owe their foundations in large part to grants of the national domain, might fairly be regarded as the ultimate and enduring strongholds of truth in modern society, uninfluenced by any motive or interest except the diffusion of knowledge; and it has been hoped that in our state universities, as in our public schools, no personal, partisan, class, or religious interference would be tolerated. During the last month, however, the Kansas State Agricultural College at

Manhattan has been the scene of a disgraceful attempt to overthrow the able and dignified administration inaugurated under President Thomas E. Will when the people's party came into power in that state, two years ago. The subsequent election of a republican administration has turned the attention of the spoilsman toward this most popular and useful institution, and in the guise of trumped-up charges against the populist members of the Board of Regents, a determined attack has been made on the whole policy of enlightened, vigorous, and up-to-date teaching of economics. Prof. Edward W. Bemis, the victim of Mr. Rockefeller's gas trust in Chicago, is singled out for attack again, because, forsooth, he has been giving the students of his class in economics the benefit of his investigations of the facts concerning municipal ownership in American cities; investigations carried on during the last five years at the cost, not only of constant thought and study, but also of painstaking and arduous personal examination of conditions, facts, and figures, which involved his traveling thousands of miles, and obtaining first-hand statistics from officials actually in charge of various municipal services, either in person or by letter. The evidence already brought forward, on the pretended investigation of these Kansas regents, has already disgusted all fair-minded people of whatever political faith. They have, however, achieved their disreputable ends, and the republican majority in the Board has signalized its accession to control by countermanding the invitation of the president of the college to Col. W. J. Bryan to deliver a commencement oration. This whole attack will undoubtedly serve, as did that upon Prof. Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin, a few years ago, to emphasize the absolute importance of keeping our educational institutions entirely free from the possibility of political or sectarian manipulation. Moreover, people are beginning to see that the vital importance of freedom in teaching, so quickly asserted when a state institution is attacked, should be recognized in regard to all education. The time has surely come for development beyond the mediævalism of allowing

institutions of learning to be controlled by ecclesiastical influence of any school or sect. A Baptist university or a Congregational college is just as much a contradiction in terms as a "Rockefeller university." In this country, at this time, surely we are far enough advanced to understand that all education, whether primary, secondary, or advanced, should be "by the people, of the people, and for the people," just as surely as that intention is insisted on in our republican form of government. No single man in recent years has done more for the teaching of real Christianity,—Christianity as taught and practised by Christ as opposed to the Christianity of the churches,—than has Dr. George D. Herron of Iowa College, at Grinnell. It was the recognition on the part of a public-spirited parishioner of Dr. Herron, that made it possible for him to occupy the first chair of Applied Christianity instituted in America or any other country. The loyal sympathy and unswerving support of President Gates of that college, and of other friends of practical Christianity, has lately been called forth in his defense. He had been the target for attack by a trustee of the college, who denounced Dr. Herron's teaching as anarchical and revolutionary, but this effort to secure his removal has happily failed.

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DIRECT LEGISLATION

A feeling that, after all, the most immediate need is a reform in political methods, which will make other reforms possible, seems to be growing. The union reform party, which, during its career as a state party, has exerted remarkable influence in the direction of purifying Ohio politics, was expanded into a national party in the conference at Cincinnati, March 1 last. The platform adopted is a brief and distinct demand for the initiative and the referendum. In the preamble to this platform, it is declared that all efforts for relief through political action must continue to be fruitless as long as the people are disfranchised; "they must be invested with the power to make their own laws before they can have laws made in their own interest." Reformers of various schools took part in the conference, and, while re-

serving to themselves the right to individual opinion on all questions of legislation, they united for the accomplishment of this end: "The enfranchisement of the American people, and the establishment of a government in which the will of the people shall be supreme." Mr. R. S. Thompson, Springfield, O., was elected chairman of the national committee. He will be glad to furnish all interested with fuller information in regard to the party and its platform. A symposium on this subject will appear in next month's Arena, and it is understood that the question will receive conspicuous attention at the reform conference at Buffalo in July.

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Twenty days after publication of the
MRS. EDDY'S May Arena containing articles by Horatio
PHOTOGRAPHS W. Dresser and Josephine Curtis Wood-

bury, stating facts, and giving names, dates, and references to evidence in Mrs. Eddy's own handwriting which go to show the real character of this Christian Science leader's pretensions, suit was brought against The Arena Company for alleged infringement of copyright in publishing a portrait of Mrs. Eddy, which accompanied the articles. The suit was brought, not by Mrs. Eddy, but by H. P. Moore and J. C. Derby of Concord, N. H., who are understood to be business partners or employees of the Christian Science prophetess, and acting under her instructions. In regard to the serious indictment of "Eddyism" contained in the articles themselves, Mrs. Eddy remains significantly silent, although invited by me to avail herself freely of the pages of The Arena for the presentation of any reply to the charges, she may wish to make. Nor does she in the suit now brought attempt to question the truth and accuracy of any of the statements made in The Arena concerning her pretensions. On the contrary, her only reply to these charges seems to be the claim for loss and damages in the sale of her alleged photographs (at one dollar for the plain, and two dollars for the tinted variety), alleged to have been caused by The Arena's honest and innocent attempt at a presentation of

her features. The suit was evidently intended simply to injure, if not to suppress the sale of *The Arena*. In this, however, Mrs. Eddy's friends have failed, as the demand for the May number had exhausted the supply early in the month, and the portrait has been replaced in the editions issued since the suit was brought by an explanation of its suppression. The *Arena's* readers will not be misled by this action on the part of Mrs. Eddy's representatives, as the real issues raised in the articles still remain to be met. The charge of infringement of copyright is emphatically denied, every care having been taken to produce a portrait of Mrs. Eddy without violating her copyright. Our readers understand that the publication of the articles that have aroused so much attention was entirely devoid of personal feeling, and impelled simply by a sense of public duty. We should not wittingly infringe in the slightest degree on even Mrs. Eddy's legal and ethical rights to exclusive control of her alleged photograph. Meantime, the inference is being widely drawn that if the *Christian Science* leader has no better answer to the explicit charges made by *The Arena's* contributors than the action taken, she can hardly complain if the public concludes that the charges are unanswerable.

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A CORRECTION

Col. George W. Warder of Kansas City objects to a phrase in a recent review of his book, "*The New Cosmogony*," in *The Arena*, from which it might be implied that *all* the propositions in his book were paralleled in Mr. Dods's book. Such an implication would not be just to Colonel Warder, nor, indeed, would it convey the reviewer's meaning. While several of the propositions in his book are similar to those in Dods's work, this is not true of all the propositions put forward by Colonel Warder; and his book, indeed, deals with many other theories than that in regard to electricity being the connecting link between mind and body.

P. T.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

IMMORTALITY The greatest victory over an adversary is won when the opponent is attacked and conquered at the point of strongest resistance. This is the method of Professor

James in his admirable essay, "Human Immortality: Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine" (cloth, 16mo, 70 pp.; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). The hypothesis of physiology is, that thought is a function of the brain. The natural conclusion from this is, of course, that individual consciousness ceases when the brain ceases to live. But the physiologist is unable to show how thought is produced in the brain, and his assumption that the productive function is the only function, is quite uncalled for, since he cannot penetrate the mental world to see what lies beyond consciousness as limited by matter. It is possible that there is also a permissive or transmissive function whereby other intelligence is brought to the brain. Indeed, the facts of thought transference and other data of recent psychical research, make the acceptance of a broader hypothesis imperative. For all we know, our present life may be a dream life, as compared with the higher, more real life veiled by the brain. If intimations of that richer life already point to a nature in us which functions independently of matter, may we not logically conclude that this part will continue to live? But would not this higher world be overcrowded by immortal spirits? No, says Professor James, this is not a serious objection; spirits do not own an aristocratic monopoly of space—there is room enough for all, for a democracy of spirits. "Human history grows continuously out of animal history. . . . If any creature lives forever, why not all?—why not the patient brutes? . . . Each new mind brings its own edition of the universe of space along with it, its own room to inhabit; and these spaces never crowd each other. . . . The Deity that suffers us, we may be sure, can suffer many another queer and wondrous and only half-delightful thing."

**PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH**

By far the most plausible argument for spirit return yet published is Dr. Richard Hodgson's report of the famous medium, Mrs. Piper (Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Part XXXIII., 618 pp., \$1.50; Part XXXIV., 150 pp., 40 cents; 5 Boylston Pl., Boston). Mrs. Piper has now been under scientific observation for thirteen years; her trances have been remarkably genuine, no evidence of dishonesty having been discovered, and the results have been strikingly satisfactory. To be sure, complete failure has sometimes been the result, and the messages purporting to come from spirits have often been obscure and disjointed. But a marked improvement in the trances began with the development of automatic writing in 1892, and Dr. Hodgson, unquestionably the most acute student of psychic phenomena, the one least likely to be deceived, and the last man to yield until an hypothesis has been absolutely proved or disproved, found himself compelled to renounce the mere telepathic for the spiritistic hypothesis. This change of attitude on Dr. Hodgson's part, brought about better results in the trances, until the evidence became conclusive that several distinct personalities had made themselves known through Mrs. Piper. One of these spirits was formerly a member of the Psychical Society and a friend of Dr. Hodgson, and has not only convinced the latter of his identity, but has proved his continued existence to other friends, and communicated facts known only to himself and his friends in the flesh. Every objection to the reality of these communications is rationally discussed by Dr. Hodgson, who accounts for the uncertainties and difficulties of spirit return in a highly satisfactory way. To all who are repelled by the claptrap of ordinary spiritualism, so-called, but who still believe there is truth in the higher spiritism, these reports are recommended as the most serious attempt yet made to reduce this truth to a scientific basis. Other investigators have had experiences not less remarkable, but Dr. Hodgson's testimony has singular value, from the very fact of the change produced in his convictions.

H. W. D

**MUNICIPAL
MONOPOLIES**

The problems brought to the fore by the development of the modern municipality, and the endeavor to solve them, is calling into coöperative service the highest skill and energy in administration, engineering, and finance. This fact indicates not only the character of the new order, but also the lines of its evolution. "Municipal Monopolies" is the title of a collection of papers by American economists and socialists, edited by Edward W. Bemis, Ph.D., Professor of Economic Science in the Kansas State Agricultural College (cloth, 12 mo., 691 pp. \$2.00; T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York). What Dr. Albert Shaw's works on municipal government in Europe did for the furtherance of the popular understanding of the conditions of this development abroad, the present volume does for the understanding of conditions in this country. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the public has awaited until now, anything like a full and authentic presentation of the facts necessary to a comprehension of this problem as it concerns us in America. In some sense an outgrowth of the awakened attention and increased interest in municipal affairs, to which Dr. Shaw's works so largely contributed, the present work has been planned and carried out with the most painstaking and conscientious endeavor to obtain and present in a systematic and available shape, statistics plainly sought and set forth, not to support any preconceived theory, but to let in the light on places and points, concerning which, for the most part, we have long had to grope in the darkness of ignorance. The introductory paper on Water-Works, by Mr. M. N. Baker, associate editor of the "Engineering News," brings out admirably the importance of the whole problem and the spirit in which its various phases are emphasized throughout the volume. It will surprise many people to know that in 1897 more than one-half of the water-works in our cities were owned by the municipalities in which they are situated. At the beginning of the century, all but one of the sixteen plants in operation were under private ownership. During the century 205 works

changed from private to public ownership, while only twenty changed from public to private. One eighth of all the private works built have changed to public ownership, while only about one seventy-fifth of the public works have changed to private ownership. "The only proper basis for both public and private rates," Mr. Baker declares, "is the cost of service rendered"; and that, surely, is a fundamental idea in the new economy, and one applicable to all other service of a public and quasi-public character. "In the final analysis," this writer continues, "the whole matter of good city service, be it water-works or otherwise, depends upon the people to select, or by staying away from the polls, fail to select, their public servants." Probably for the first time in our political history, the actually personal and vital interest of every citizen in good government, which means, after all, efficient and economic administration, is brought home to the individual. Politics can no longer be regarded as a mere trade, nor the duty of the citizen evaded. An important point in favor of municipal ownership and operation of municipal monopolies is that the municipality can, in most cases, raise the necessary capital at a lower rate of interest than can a private company. This point, in fact, is emphasized throughout the work, especially in the chapters devoted to gas, electric lighting, and street railways. Prof. John R. Commons, late of Syracuse University, and Prof. F. A. C. Perrine of Leland Stanford, discuss electric lighting, drawing largely, however, on the admirable series of papers contributed to *The Arena* on "The People's Lamps," by Prof. Frank Parsons; Dr. Max West of the Agricultural Department at Washington, describes and discusses New York City Franchises; while the telephone, and legal aspects of municipal problems generally, are luminously considered by Prof. Frank Parsons. Various phases of electric light, gas, street railways, and telephone matters are dealt with by Professor Bemis individually. Perhaps the most suggestive of these chapters is that by Professor Bemis on Regulation or Ownership, in which the arguments pro and con are clearly set forth.

P. T.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION.

Boston Home Journal: The "monthly review of social advance," Paul Tyner's *Arena*, maintains most of the features that under another régime gave the *Arena* a wide reputation. There are many articles of advanced thought, written by men of high scholarship. Altogether, *The Arena* is live and readable, it is bound to be a factor of literary and socialistic importance.

Whitman, Mass., Times: The *Arena* for February shows its tact and ability to interest its numerous readers with an excellent selection of reading well suited to the ages and tastes of its hosts of readers. The *Arena* has a reputation for thoughtful subjects handled by the best talent in our country. It caters to the appetites of thoughtful people, and gives them something to think about, and to become familiar with the thoughts of the age. It fills a vacancy left open by other magazines and has a large class of readers, without a rival to contend with.

Miss Selina Solomons, Berkeley, Cal.: I congratulate you heartily on taking charge of *The Arena* and earnestly trust it may become a power for good in your hands. We are certainly in dire need of one first-class reform periodical of a high literary standard.

Lewis G. Janes, Cambridge, Mass.: It gives me great pleasure to give *The Arena* cordial greeting under its new arrangement. I am glad to see that its platform is broader than any "ism." So long as it hitches its wagon to the star of Ideal Truth rather than to any man-invented panacea for human ills, it will surely deserve success.

Ex-Gov. Alva Adams of Colorado: Most of our friends who have gone east to work and do business have been phenomenally successful. I believe and hope that that will be your fate as editor of *The Arena*.

American Nonconformist, Omaha, Neb.: There is an article in the March number of *The Arena* that ought to be read by every laboring man in America. It is the plain, unvarnished statement of a suit at law wherein Fred R. Ketcham was plaintiff and the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Co. was defendant.

Joseph A. Bray, Pitkin, Col.: I want to congratulate you on the great improvement made in *The Arena*, and the progressive thinkers of this country on their acquisition of a review that is truly representative and worthy of them. The people need such a review as *The Arena* has become. . . . I am glad to see the metaphysical and social and political reform ideas being more closely linked together as at present, through the medium of its pages.

W. H. Porterfield, San Diego, Cal.: Permit me to express to you my sincere appreciation of the great improvement in *The Arena* in the past few months. The articles by H. W. Dresser are especially good and especially helpful. What social reformers of to-day need, more than anything else, I believe, is a fuller development of their optimistic tendencies, and a larger and stronger determination to believe in the ultimate redemption of the race.

Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, Bensonhurst, N. Y.: *The March Arena* is certainly very fine. Mr. Dresser's article, "An Anglo-Saxon in the East," is dramatic in its intensity of power, and Ivan Tsjoroff in his "Clash of Races" summarizes in a remarkable manner the condition of affairs in Europe. You have every reason to be very proud of the magazine.

Rev. R. E. Bisbee, Chicopee, Mass.: I wish to say that in the matter of selections for the pages of *The Arena*, you are keeping fully up to the high standard set by your predecessors. I believe you to be a sincere and earnest reformer, and trust you will be able to realize your ideals in *The Arena*.

Rev. W. D. Simonds, Madison, Wis.: I am very glad to notice the constant improvement that is taking place in *The Arena* under your management. The tone is calmer, more judicial, and the last number would not suffer in comparison with the best issues of the magazine in the past. May all deserved success be yours.

Boston Courier: Every issue of *The Arena* is a distinct step forward.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

To Readers of "THE COMING LIGHT":

No publication issued during recent years on the Pacific Coast, or, for that matter, anywhere else in America, has exhibited more distinct individuality, force, and purpose in its treatment of social questions, than **THE COMING LIGHT**, published at San Francisco during the last two years, under the editorship of Dr. Cora A. Morse. It is saying only what those who are familiar with this publication will at once recognize as true, that its every issue has breathed an atmosphere of broadest humanitarianism and vitalizing uplift. The heart of its editor, beating ever in close sympathy with human suffering and struggle, was warmly felt, not only in her own articles and editorials, but also in those of her able corps of contributors. The magazine has been one dominated by lofty purpose and noble ideals. It opposed wrong and corruption in high places; ever fearlessly and frankly pointing out with wise discernment opportunities for human betterment. In **THE COMING LIGHT** the forward movement had, from its first issue, a strong and steadfast champion. It is, therefore, with a sincere satisfaction, which, I have no doubt, will be shared by old and new readers both of **THE COMING LIGHT** and of **THE ARENA**, that I announce the consolidation of the two magazines with the present issue. Both Dr. Morse and her associate, Mr. E. B. Payne, will be welcomed by **THE ARENA**'s old readers as new forces of vital importance. Mr. Payne becomes the Pacific Coast representative of this review, and will have general charge of **THE ARENA**'s already large and growing interests in that section.

Although the subscription price of **THE ARENA** is more than double that of **THE COMING LIGHT**, all unexpired subscriptions to **THE COMING LIGHT** will be filled by **THE ARENA** at the rate of one month of **THE ARENA** for every two months of **THE COMING LIGHT**. To encourage substantial expression of approval of this consolidation, which, I have no doubt, may be counted on among our friends on the Pacific Coast, a further special offer is made, of an extension of six months on the present subscriptions of **THE COMING LIGHT** subscribers, on receipt of \$1.00 before July 1, 1899. It need hardly be added that the consolidation means an important strengthening of reform forces, but if this increased strength is to be realized and utilized to the utmost, those who wish to contribute towards its success, should send in their subscriptions promptly.

While giving place from time to time, as heretofore, to articles of particular interest on the Pacific Coast, **THE ARENA** will also publish regularly a department devoted to the exposition of Coast interests, to be edited by Mr. Payne. **THE COMING LIGHT** and all its readers are heartily welcomed on their entrance into **THE ARENA**.

Boston, May 10, 1899.

PAUL TYNER.

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